

THE FIELD AFAR

MARY  KNOLL



FIRST JAPANESE BISHOP IN THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
(See page 50)

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
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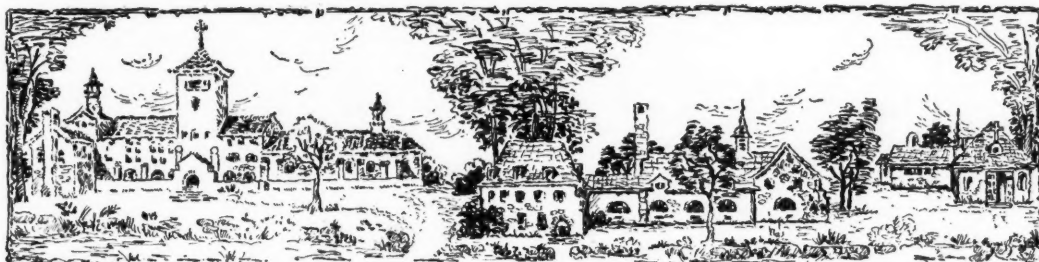
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Place The Field Afar in the school this year.



Along the Bund at Shanghai, a Chinese Port

Shanghai is a city with a population of over a million and a half. The buildings shown in this photograph are in the European Concession which, undoubtedly, one of these days, will be handed over to China when the government of that great country is in a secure condition



THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1928



PORT CITY PROBLEMS IN THE ORIENT

BY THE REV. F. X. FORD

I'M afraid that many of the old songs and bits of poetry that one time held an honored place in parlor recitals are no longer quoted. Take, for instance, the rollicking old-time "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main," or Scott's more virile meter:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
"This is my own, my native land."

Nowadays these thoughts are framed in prosaic, sociological formulae that make us wonder sometimes if the world has lost its soul. We ask ourselves, "Do not men these days do daring deeds; is the race of pioneers run out; are there none today who wrestle with the elements; do none go down to the sea in ships or risk life or limb and conquer nature?"

If such there are, are they not worth reading of? Surely we have not all become materialized by speed and machinery! The thrill of an Arctic explorer is all in the headlines; the description is a leaden, technical, scientific exposition of ocean currents, magnetic attraction, and wireless apparatus. The spark is in the motor, not the motive, and even we at home affect a bored grim air in reading of the journey.

A simple explanation of this, perhaps, is that the present race of English-speaking men has had little to do with huge, simple, elemental experiences. Our grandfathers crossed the Atlantic in sailing vessels under great privations, or broke virgin soil in the West, or made our towns grow into cities by the use of man power and heavy work. The voyages of Captain Cook found an echo in their own life; Crusoe's unwieldy carpentering recalled their own efforts, and they appreciated Valley Forge because they knew how shoes were made and valued as footwear. Perhaps the present race of Poles, Italians, and other immigrants, when they have mastered the new language, will give us a rebirth of rugged tales to stir our sluggish blood.

We in China are specially favored in

having at our doors both the emigrant and immigrant. Our Maryknoll missions along the coast give us a near view of the life of port cities, while the new Maryknoll mission here among the Hakka lets us peep behind the scenes at the outgoing Chinese. Both are outstanding features of present-day mission work and both present open sores that cry for healing. We shall take the emigrant later.



A WHARF ALONG THE BUND
AT SHANGHAI

Let us take, first, the white man in the East. Stripped of its glamor—and it is fascinating materially for those who have the leisure and means to enjoy it—the Eastern port is a matter-of-fact home for many thousands of white men, and thousands of the tens of thousands of these are Catholics—Irish, English, and Americans for the

most part.

A young man comes over here as a commercial agent of some big firm, or as an official of some government, or as a sailor or a soldier. Except for the few, the East will be his home for a dozen years or less—a home of boarding houses, barracks, or hotels; a home without "own folks" or bosom friend, with the barest and fewest ordinary amusements, as theatres, clubs, or other resorts. He is usually in his twenties or thirties, unattached, and with little expectation of settling down for the next ten years.

Further to typify him would be difficult, for the Westerner in Eastern ports can be divided into many classes. There is the seedy Lord Jim of Conrad's tales; the colonial, as described in Marion Crawford's works; the modern business man of any Pullman car; while the clean-cut American sailor is the same the world over. 'Tis a pity that we are apt to overstress the beach-comber type on account of his picturesque in novels—the average port dweller is an average man. If he is a Catholic, he will have his Knights of Columbus or Holy Name emblem just as at home; he will be the generous, sensible, good-living, modern type that goes to Mass and Communion, likes to meet the priest, and is always willing to do his share in good works.

If he is a European Catholic, he finds plenty of opportunity to line up with the missionary who speaks his tongue. If he is English-speaking—well, imagine yourself in a foreign-

HAVE YOU A MISSIONER FRIEND?

Send him a stringless gift and you will make him happy. If you stipulate that your gift must go towards a chapel, for instance, he will not be able to employ it otherwise. Perhaps he may not be in a position to build a new chapel, but may have to dispense with the services of a valuable catechist because he cannot pay his wages. Trust your friend's judgment; no one can gauge his needs better than himself.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

language church where the sermon is not in English; where the pastor is often chancellor of the diocese, principal or teacher in the school, with many outmissions to take care of, or an invalid who needs the comforts that can be got in port cities.

The missionaries in the port cities are alive to their special needs and are making efforts to meet them; some of them hear confessions in five or six languages, and, if English is not one of them, it is because they are men, not angels, and have little time to study a new language in their advanced years; some even speak English and thus can compass the more urgent needs of the Sacraments.

But the problem is deeper than that. The English-speaking population of Oriental ports far outnumbered other Westerners, both in permanency of dwelling and in influence. The English-speaking Catholics are well to do and generous and capable of building and supporting a church; and English-speaking non-Catholics in the East, where whites are comparatively few, are in an unusual position to be reached. These non-Catholics are edified by the sacrificing lives of the missionaries whom they see, but cannot speak with; they admire the hold the Catholic Church has even on its foreign members; they are thrown into close contact with Catholics and rarely have any prejudices afterwards; they feel the need of religion here more than at home as they have more time to reflect and much more leisure than they know what to do with. The Catholic Church in the East, despite its poverty, is so ubiquitous and so much at home and so capable of handling all classes of people that it is a living, insistent appeal that impresses every foreigner.

It is true that non-Catholic denominations are strongly represented in the port cities, but they are mostly of a rigid New England or Southern type of evangelization which does not appeal so much to the less conventional life of travelers and port dwellers. Then, the

Life subscription to *The Field Afar*, which includes perpetual membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, can be secured for Fifty Dollars.



A HUMAN POWER BOAT
Such as may be seen on the River at Shanghai



Photograph from Fr. Downs
HOLY ROSARY CHURCH AT KOWLOON
Near this church, which is in charge of the Milan Foreign Missioners, is the Maryknoll Procure



WHEN LIZZIE CHIN GOES SHOPPING IN HONG KONG

PENALIZE YOURSELF FOR DELINQUENCY

Catholic missionary, no matter how poorly dressed, has a curiously widespread reputation over here of being a gentleman and a scholar—a gentleman in a human, courteous way, who is not a “kill-joy” nor a “hail fellow well met”; and a scholar, because of his working knowledge of several languages without a pompous attitude. The non-Catholic port-dweller who is fairly well educated and somewhat discriminating in his tastes appreciates the missionary as a man and would like to become better acquainted with him.

The gulf between them is more than language. Nationalism, fortunately or not, is a fact and embraces more than mere boundary lines. Certain races are more natural, others conventional; some are methodical, others sloppy; one is frugal while another is lavish. The standards of living differ too. What to one is luxurious, to another is but ordinary; where one is shocked, another sees no harm. And the tongue-tying medium of a language other than one's own represses native wit and the flow of thought into restricted channels. The social demands of port cities throw the missionary into frequent company with non-Catholics; each would peep from out his shell to meet the other halfway did he but know the means.

Another phase of the same problem is that of putting the Church in her proper place in the public eye. Her colleges in many of the ports have won a deserved reputation for discipline and culture; in hospitals and asylums the Church easily leads; and her well-filled chapels bespeak her strength—but in public celebrations and on public committees, in community work, she is barely seen and rarely heard. This to you may not seem of much moment, or even a matter of congratulation, as you are surfeited with lobbying separated brethren; but, in the East, the religious bodies have a recognized place in the public life.

Your dollar practically covers the cost of THE FIELD AFAR, but if you like the paper we shall be glad to have you add something when renewing.

The British system of spiritual and temporal lords in government has influenced the make-up of the ports. All educational and welfare bodies over here have representatives from the different religious organizations, as almost all of this work is in their hands. Much of the cultural and social life of the ports is directed by societies affiliated with these churches, which makes the priest and minister more of a public character than would otherwise result. If he speaks English, he is called upon for monthly meetings, and his address is listened to and later read in the papers by practically the whole foreign colony.

The journals here are still of the type that prints the Sunday sermons every Monday. A series of lectures even on the Church's doctrines would draw a large mixed audience, as entertainment of any sort is limited. This public welfare field at present is monopolized by non-Catholic bodies, not from prejudice, but from lack of English-speaking priests. The European missionary is not accustomed to take the lead in public meetings that is usual in English-speaking countries; besides, he is here primarily for the native and finds outlet enough in that field.

I know all of this seems to imply adverse criticism on the present personnel, and this thought deters us from dwelling at greater length on the whole question. But, after all, we must face the fact that we cannot demand everything from our missionaries. They have become all things to all men as far as possible, and the problem of our port cities, while big enough to warrant action, is only one of the many that have been realized and coped with, and a satisfactory solution is the work of years.

TRIBUTES

Enclosed find our Crib collection which this year I direct to your Society.—*Rev. Friend, Ill.*

Experience has proved to me that every donation to the foreign missions is returned by God a hundredfold.—*Rev. Friend, Texas.*

I find each month that the last issue of THE FIELD AFAR is the best, and I am always eager not to miss a single line from cover to cover.—*Rev. Friend, France.*

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means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll. Send for further information if desired.

I find THE FIELD AFAR makes excellent spiritual reading, especially for a priest. It breathes the apostolic simplicity and ruggedness, the missionary ardor for souls, which are, I judge, essential to the constructing of a priestly philosophy of life.—*Rev. Friend, Rome.*

I have been reading your excellent magazine for the past ten years and I find that it has strengthened my faith and increased my zeal, so that I have been able to do better work here in the novitiate. Whenever the occasion presents itself, I always put in a good word for Maryknoll and its wonderful work.—*Rev. Brother, N. Y.*

Take \$100 of the gift (if you like the idea, otherwise do with it as you see fit) and use it to pay for one hundred subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR. I do not care where you get the names—some of your priests, students, or Sisters can scare up one hundred names of good prospects for you, ones who after reading your charming paper will be inclined to answer some of the “insidious” appeals made therein.

If the plan meets with your approval, I suppose it would be well to write the hundred people that a friend has subscribed for them, and so on; and that you hope they will like the paper and continue the subscription next year of their own accord.—*Rev. Friend, Mo.*

The enclosed represents my salary as chaplain in a local convent for the past six months. Unlike the man in the Gospel, I have an extra suit of clothes and an extra pair of shoes, and, lest I begin to get a few extra dollars, I thought I had better get rid of the enclosed.

I may die some day—which I hope I will not mind doing; and while I do not mind dying well dressed, I should not like to die with money. I am afraid the fires of purgatory might be too slow in burning it up for me if I were too careful of it.

Now the thing that will make you feel blue by the time you read this far is that you are to keep only half of the enclosed check and turn the other half over to the sisters-in-law or step-sisters or half-sisters of Maryknoll.

Finally, this donation is otherwise stringless—except that you do not tell anybody about it. If God knows about it, that's enough for me.—*Rev. Friend.*

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Fachow Mission Comes Into the Picture

A NARRATIVE OF RECENT EVENTS PREPARED BY BISHOP WALSH OF KONGMOON

THE Fachow Mission is one of the poorest in material equipment. It consists of a single house thirty feet wide, flush on a business street, without an inch of land on either side and a tiny back yard. As there is no place for a church, a provisional chapel is accommodated in the basement of the house. Indeed, there is no room for anything outside the house, save the kitchenette squeezed in on the side to supply the indispensable pork chops.

Fachow is an old mission started forty years ago by Fr. Fleureau. He had his own troubles—and, anyhow, missions in China start, not as they would like, but as they can. At that time, it was a stroke of fortune to get even this foothold.

In the course of time, Fachow numbered its converts among the good farmer folk of the region until today it has three hundred Christians scattered around the district. One of its Christian villages is the famous Dragon's Den, the Bethlehem of western Kwangtung, where the first convert, Paul Chan, was martyred in 1871. This village is now wholly Catholic and a stronghold of the faith.

When our friend, the late Bishop Gauthier was made Vicar Apostolic of Pakhoi, he cut off Fachow from his territory and assigned it to Maryknoll because the district logically belongs to the Maryknoll territory. This was the moment when Fr. Cairns, after three years in the Hong Kong Procure, finally got his chance to get out and search for lost sheep. He hid himself to Fachow accompanied by two catechists, a Scotch brogue, and energy galore.

There then ensued a whirlwind of multifold activities. Chief among them, perhaps, was a promising school named after the missionary's Alma Mater. Holy Cross School functioned for two years in an abandoned pagan temple next door to the mission. The price of the accommodation consisted in the ejection of various bands of soldiers who, never provided with barracks, make a practice of using the temples as temporary hotels.

Thus Holy Cross School struggled through two years of intellectual effort, in the course of which thirty boys learned a smattering of various things, among them catechism.

When Fr. Cairns was transferred to the ancestral home of the Chinese American laundryman, the justly famous Sanning, his pastorate at Fachow devolved upon the Vicariate's one native son of California. Fr. Walker was not reminded of the St. Francis Hotel by his new quarters, though it would have nicely suited the Poverello, St. Francis himself—which, indeed, is more to the point for missionaries.

Fr. Walker was soon joined by Fr. Bauer, as his assistant. The two missionaries cared for their little flock, made steady inroads on the Chinese language, and lived in peace—at least for awhile. That was before the soldiers arrived, which brings us to that little oriental idyl of orange blossoms and lutes of jade entitled "And Then the Soldiers Came."

In this feudal country, every town must have its garrison of soldiers. Often they are extraordinarily decent; but, since the recent wave of acute patriotism, their chief occupation when not engaged in running from the enemy has been to annoy the defenseless foreigner.

Fr. Walker scented trouble when he looked out of his window one morning to find a group of soldiers hanging up their clothes to dry in his back yard. It was a typical entering wedge. The Chinese do things by rule, and, when out to make trouble, will begin by setting the stage.

"They will lose a garment and then say I stole it," was the immediate and correct reasoning of Fr. Walker. Descending with his best smile, he pointed out that he could not extend adequate protection to the wearing apparel of the country's defenders because his yard was so open and exposed; so in justice to their wardrobes, he could only advocate removal. The soldiers, unable to think up a proper rebuttal quickly enough, followed his advice out of lack of imagination to do anything else.

But men bent on trouble will find a way to make it, as the wolf said to the lamb in La Fontaine's fable, "If it was not you, it was your brother." Back came the swashbucklers the very next day, armed this time, not with wet clothes, but with bayonets. Fr. Walker and Fr. Bauer hastened to greet this unusual delegation, although their demeanor hardly betokened a social call.

"What's up, boys?"
"Plenty trouble," answered the spokesman. "Didn't your imperialistic cook throw my clothes in the mud yesterday and then hit one of my soldiers on his patriotic head with an imperialistic stone? How long are you Imperialists going to oppress us poor soldiers?"

This was making history fast, but there was no time for a critical attack on the sources. The imperialistic cook, a boy in his teens who would throw a stone at a Chinese soldier about as soon as he would insult a Bengal tiger, was not forthcoming as a witness. He had developed a longing for the great open spaces simultaneously with the appearance of the downtrodden military.

Ringed around with bayonets, the Fathers soon found it futile to oppose logic to pointed arguments. Things went from bad to worse quickly. Some patriot broke down the chapel door, and the vandalism started. If breaking statues and tearing up vestments is saving China, then the soldiers surely merited well of the Republic on this occasion. The street idlers drifted in for loot. Everything went. Dishes were broken; clothes stolen; Fr. Cairns' victrola was borne off in state. Seeing the soldiers take up their beds and walk, the Fathers bethought them of the nearest shakedown twenty-five miles away at the Kochow mission.

It was a long tramp through the night, but they arrived at Kochow in time for Mass. They told their story to the philosophic Fr. Heemskerck, who listened attentively and then replied that he was glad they had come, although he had not expected to see them so soon.

"Neither did we," they replied. "We just took a sudden notion."

Diplomatic negotiations with authori-

ties now ensued. "Who is going to pay the damage?" was the refrain on one side; and this was met by the poser, "Who is going to cure my soldier's head wounded by your cook's stone?" As no wounded soldiers existed, this was a poser indeed. And this answer meant that there was no disposition on the part of the authorities to rectify the matter.

But a straw blew in the wind somewhere—and suddenly the word was passed around to moderate the sport of baiting foreigners. Then ensued cordial invitations from Fachow authorities to resume residence in their midst under the aegis of their protection. The missionaries observed that they did not require protection from the common people who had always been very friendly to them, but if the authorities would undertake to protect them from themselves and their military, it would be appreciated.

So Fr. Walker and Fr. Bauer are back in Fachow and none the worse for wear. Their report is, "We are making the place presentable, and it will soon look better than before. The people are glad to see us, and we are right at home. We have great plans and hopes."

Why this optimism? This must be the famous Chinese logic that goes by opposites. Is it not rather like the man who concluded he was not wanted at the party after he had been kicked down stairs three times?

Well, not exactly. First of all, the missionaries were not kicked down stairs three times, but only once—and that not by the host but by a few officious meddlers. Secondly, and this is important, there is a great principle of mission advance involved in this incident. It is simply that progress comes through pain. This is so invariable a rule that missionaries count on it mathematically. When trouble does not come to a new venture, its absence is actually a source of worry, since it means either that no progress is to be made or else that trouble in plenty is reserved for the future. As a consequence, every missionary welcomes trouble at the outset, regards it as a necessary step, wants to get it over with, and takes it for the surest sign of future success.

This is not only true of mission work,

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A bursary is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a bursary in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a native student bursary in Eastern Asia.

FOR SEMINARY—\$5,000 EACH

St. Philomena Bursary (Reserved).....	\$4,600.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursary.....	4,335.00
St. Patrick Bursary.....	4,334.47
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursary.....	4,050.00
St. Michael Bursary, No. 2.....	4,002.58
St. Francis of Assisi Bursary, No. 1 (Reserved).....	4,000.00

St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston

Bursary.....	3,940.51
St. Anthony Bursary.....	3,936.13
Curé of Ars Bursary.....	3,952.35
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursary.....	3,676.71
St. Anne Bursary.....	3,526.73
College of Mt. St. Vincent's Bursary.....	3,500.00
Fr. Chapon Bursary.....	3,086.34
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Bursary.....	3,159.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursary.....	3,010.16
N. M. Bursary.....	3,000.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursary.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Bursary.....	2,851.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursary.....	2,773.61
Holy Child Jesus Bursary.....	2,430.85
Marywood College Bursary.....	2,225.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursary.....	2,173.89
Mother Seton Bursary.....	1,993.73
Pius X Bursary.....	1,843.30
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursary.....	1,808.75
St. Dominic Bursary.....	1,785.97
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursary.....	1,610.00
Duluth Diocese Bursary.....	1,411.70

Fr. Nunnery Bursary of Holy Child

Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..

St. Agnes Bursary.....

Immaculate Conception Patron of America Bursary.....

Archbishop Ireland Bursary.....

St. Michael Bursary.....

St. John Baptist Bursary.....

St. Francis of Assisi Bursary, No. 2

Manchester Diocese Bursary.....

Our Lady of Lourdes Bursary.....

Susan Emery Memorial Bursary.....

St. Boniface Bursary.....

St. Francis Xavier Bursary.....

St. Rita Bursary.....

St. Lawrence Bursary.....

Children of Mary Bursary.....

St. Bridget Bursary.....

St. Joan of Arc Bursary.....

St. Louis Archdiocese Bursary.....

St. Jude Bursary.....

Holy Family Bursary.....

C. C. W. Bursary of the Five Wounds (Reserved).....

St. John B. de la Salle Bursary.....

The Holy Name Bursary.....

St. John Berchmans Bursary.....

Jesus Christ Crucified Bursary.....

Newark Diocese Bursary.....

S.S. Peter and Paul Bursary.....

All Saints Bursary.....

St. Joseph Bursary No. 2.....

Fray Junipero Serra Memorial Bursary.....

FOR COLLEGES—\$5,000 EACH

Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursary (Reserved).....

Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursary.....

"C" Bursary II.....

Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursary.....

St. Aloysius Bursary.....

St. Michael Bursary.....

Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Bursary.....

Archbishop Hanna Bursary (Los Altos).....

St. Philomena Bursary.....

Our Lady's Circle Bursary (Los Altos).....

St. Margaret Mary Bursary.....

Immaculate Conception Bursary.....

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

DIOCESAN MISSION AID

(November 1 to December 1, 1927)

Baltimore—
(Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)\$ 30.00 (also Masses)

Boston—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 327.25 (also Masses)
100.00 (Irish Bonds)

Brooklyn—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 450.00

Chicago—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 199.00

Cincinnati—
(Through Soc. to Aid Missions, Home and Foreign)..... 10.00

Cleveland—
(Through Catholic Missionary Union).... 558.00

Fort Wayne—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... (Masses)

Harrisburg—
(Through Harrisburg Apostolate)..... (Masses)

New York—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 2.00

Providence—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 2.00

Pittsburgh—
(Through Catholic Mission Aid Soc.)... 1.00

Springfield, Ill.—
(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 20.00

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work—

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4,000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incomplete burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSARIES

St. Joseph Bursary (Reserved).....	\$1,000.00
Mary Mother of God Bursary.....	750.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursary.....	645.00
Maryknoll Academia Bursary.....	301.60
Mater Admirabilis Bursary.....	290.00
Little Flower Bursary.....	100.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS

Yueghong Fund, II.....	\$1,827.65
Fr. Price Memorial Bursary.....	668.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Bursary.....	367.00
Christ the King Bursary, No. 2.....	300.00

COMPLETED DIOCESAN BURSARIES

St. Paul Archdiocese Bursary.....	\$6,000
St. Paul Archdiocese Bursary (Venard).....	6,000
Providence Diocese Bursary.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Bursary.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Bursary (4) each.....	5,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Bursary (2).....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Bursary.....	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Bursary.....	5,000

Will you stand sponsor for a youth who wishes to give his life to save the souls of others?

TODAY NOT TOMORROW

but it seems equally to apply to the Church's advance the world over. The histories of religious orders, new dioceses, even new parishes, prove it abundantly. Ask the man who ever started anything new, and, in all probability, he will a tale unfold.

Would one expect special trouble in starting a new parish in the well established diocese of the North Eastern States, at the present time? It would appear simple. Yet a recent case of this kind encountered enormous difficulties. In a practically Catholic city and backed by ample funds, the pastor had to wade through troubles that would fill a book before the new parish could take shape. Just for a sample, the only suitable land was fated to belong to a prejudiced denominational college that wanted nothing so little as a Catholic church in its vicinity. The pastor, however, did not conclude that his new parish should be abandoned. On the contrary, it spurred him to a zealous activity that took him successfully over this hurdle and many other obstacles similar to it. The result is that where nothing existed ten years ago, there is now one of the most thriving parishes in the United States.

Progress through pain is a spiritual law. *I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake*, was the forecast with which Our Lord started His greatest missionary on his fruitful apostolate. *Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.* We must expect to sow in tears before we can reap in joy. Opposition is not a reason to abandon a work, but rather an indication that something good lies at the end for those who have the faith and courage to push on.

Fachow is accordingly encouraged by the privilege it has had of suffering for the faith. And it looks forward to progress as a consequence. Its pastor is even indulging in hopes of securing some financial help to set up a proper mission in place of the present impossible makeshift.

Were this fine result to materialize, it would be exceedingly typical of the favorite procedure of Divine Providence.

Plan your will carefully.

IDOLOCLASM

Fr. Paschang

THESE are hard times for the idols.

The hired agitators of the Nationalist Government have long been preaching against the worship of idols. Bolshevism is, of course, opposed to religion in any form. Everybody knows that they do not care much whether idols are worshiped or not. What they really want is the revenue most temples have. They outlaw Confucius and his writings, and prescribe obeisance to the portrait of Sun Yat Sen and make his writings their classics.

Now the slaughter of the gods has begun in earnest, and the credulous are panicky. Many markets and cities near here have been hit by the idoloclastic storm. The hard-boiled soldiery knock the idols off their thrones, chop them up and dump them out on the highway. In some places where people sought to save their gods by taking them out of the temples and hiding them at home, the wreckers have threatened to burn the houses unless the idols were handed over. In one place just after the temples were de-idolized, an epidemic of cholera broke out, and the people were not slow to ascribe this to the vengeance of the gods.

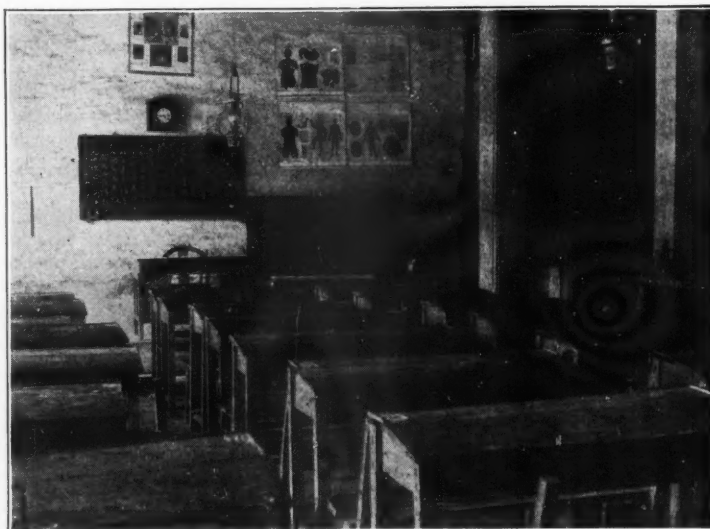
In Kochow the raiding has not yet

taken place, but it will, shortly. The other day, one very popular idol was being moved across the river for safety. He is very bulky and hard to handle, and fell off the small raft into the river, dragging one of his rescuers in with him. Both were saved, however.

The committee for the smashing of idols (they call it "surrendering") is trying to hire brave men to do the deadly work. They offer good wages, but there are not many applicants. Some Catholics asked me whether or not it would be a good job for them to take. I told them they had nothing to fear from the idols, but they had better look out for the people whose statuary they smashed.

The men do not think so much of their idols, but the women are firm believers and would probably be extremely aggravated by this interference with their religious liberty. They cannot save their idols now while the soldiers protect the wreckers.

The soldiers have indulged in idol smashing before, but it had no lasting effect. This time they will probably be more thorough and take over the temple revenues; thus it will be harder to reinstate the idols should the movement against them die down.



Photograph from Fr. Cairns

CLASSROOM AT THE FACHOW SCHOOL

This school bears the name of Holy Cross in honor of the Alma Mater of Fr. Cairns formerly in charge here

MAKE CHRIST LOVED

Notes and Comments

A GROUP of students in one of our seminaries will support a catechist for one year. To this end, they plan to send offerings every two months until the entire sum, one hundred and eighty dollars, is reached.

With the approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, a new periodical, *The Medical Missionary* appears. This is published by the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries which, we understand, is directed by the Holy Ghost Foreign Missions in view of needs especially in India.

A friend, when enrolling a little lad as a Maryknoll JUNIOR, wrote:

I lived in China and Japan for some time and know the needs of the missions. I have the desire to create love for the Cause wherever I can and believe that childhood is the place and time to plant the seed.

No doubt, you agree to this theoretically. But, it is a practical conviction that helps the Cause.

A call comes from the missions for spiritual reading, and we are distressed to learn how thinly provided are the shelves in some of our Maryknoll houses across the ocean. Possibly, you who read these lines may have such books to spare, and, in this event, we ask you to drop us a line giving the titles.

Or, you may be able to supply Maryknoll with the means to select and forward some books. If not, we of Maryknoll must rob Peter to pay Paul, since Paul's activities will grow useless if not strengthened by meditation on the charity of Christ.

Sisters' subscriptions have a high value in THE FIELD AFAR market. We count it a real loss when such subscriptions are discontinued, but this is usually the inevitable when someone who has subscribed for a Sister fails to renew. A recent expiration notice brought regretful replies in the

negative from a number of Sister friends interested in our work, but unable to pay for the magazine.

Our teaching Sisters are in a position to assist Maryknoll to a remarkable extent. Perhaps you can make this possible for at least one, by providing a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR?

Some people are fond of maps, and maps should interest us all because they give us clearer ideas and surer backgrounds. In turn, they make statistics less to be dreaded and even to be sought.

To you, then, whose eyes and heart are opening to the call of missions, we propose the query: Have you a copy of the..... *Little Atlas of Catholic Missions?*

Here is a compact mine of information with twenty carefully prepared colored maps. Hours, days, weeks, and months of labor must have gone into the precious little manual, but the names of the workers are withheld. The publication is from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the price asked is twenty-five cents.

Copies may be ordered through THE FIELD AFAR or through Diocesan Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. You will find in this Atlas much information on mission work in North America (among Negroes and Indians), in Latin America, Asia, Australia, Oceania, Africa, and Europe; also particulars on schismatic and Oriental rites.

One College Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade asks how to make some "easy" money for the missions. For all Units, we suggest the monthly sale of *The Field Afar* among the Crusade members if this plan is not already followed in the school. Order any quantity at eight cents a copy to sell at ten cents.

It is a joy to find the spirit of propaganda in a Catholic layman, and we experienced this recently in the following letter:

May I intrude on your time to ask if you have a resident priest in Osaka, Japan, or within twenty miles of that city? I am corresponding with a native of Japan and have sent him *The Faith of Our Fathers*, also *The Question Box*.

His letters indicate he is on the right road now. But he tells me that it will take him a year to translate Cardinal Gibbons' book, as he is manager of a very large concern in Osaka and is very busy. Besides, he has some difficulty in translating certain words so as to get the real meaning. His last letter has this clause: "I wish I will have a more clear vision of God and that I will be lead to better understanding of the Catholic Church, if I may."

An interview once a week with a priest would do more now than a year of reading. I ask you to pray and have your congregations pray for this man's conversion and that of his family. I had another of the same firm on the way, but for some reason, he has gone several hundred miles from Osaka, and I have lost him. Cultured Japanese are very much interested in religion. They are refined people.

These men know me as president of the A. Company and have confidence in me. Laymen could aid very much if asked. Protestants use them liberally. I was not an hour on a farm I bought till I was waited on by Methodists as a good prospect.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is a welcome aid to the work of Maryknoll. The lengthening list of perpetual members is a heartening proof of confidence in the labors of American missionaries.

Are you among those who share in all the spiritual benefits of Maryknoll? Fifty dollars is the offering required for perpetual associate membership in our Society. Payment may be extended over a space of two years.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

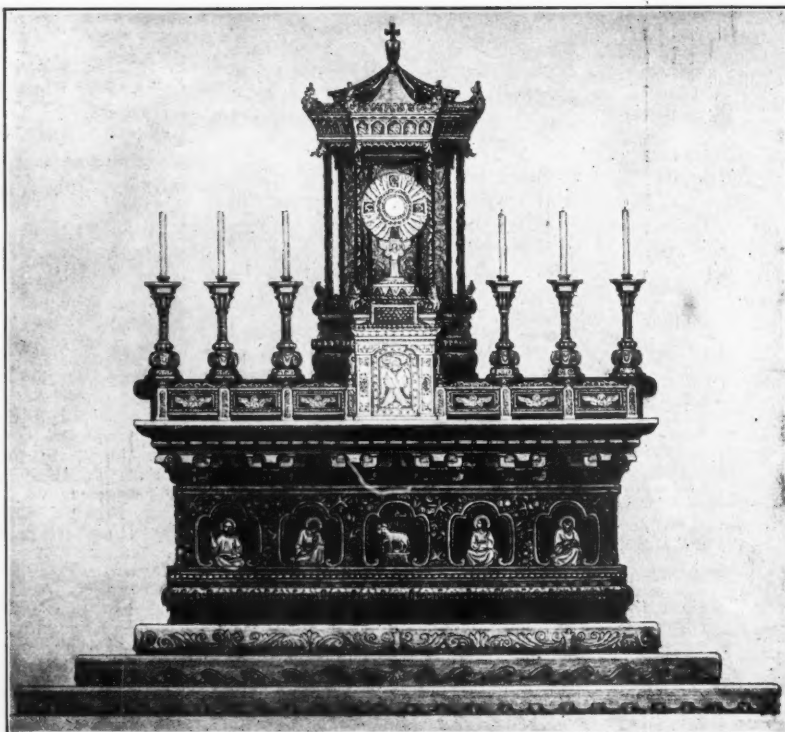
Chinese Church Architecture

FROM their watchtower in the Center of Christendom, recent Popes have sensed the awakening of a national consciousness in China. They have all emphasized the urgent necessity of a "Chinese Church for China" and they have made use of forceful means to achieve this end.

His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, the Apostolic Delegate to China, has stressed the need of extending this principle to Church architecture in China. His ideas are clearly exposed in a letter addressed to Bishops James E. Walsh and Edward J. Galvin, who had expressed the intention of building several new churches in the missions under their direction.

The Apostolic Delegate points out that in all the important cities of China, from Canton to Peking, the churches bear the stamp of the neo-Gothic and neo-Roman styles; that is to say, they are all copied from Western models.

This does violence to the traditional tastes of the Chinese and is contrary to the most efficacious means of religious propaganda. As early as 1658, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda gave to bishops and missionaries the following instructions:



AN ALTAR IN CHINESE STYLE

Designed by Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., of the Beuronese School of Sacred Art

Seek not for any reason whatsoever to persuade peoples to abandon their native customs, provided the same are not manifestly opposed to religion and morality.

The Apostolic Delegate writes:

The spires of the Gothic towers harmonize magnificently with the landscapes of Northern Europe; but I cannot say as much for the Gothic towers which I saw rising above the luxuriant foliage of the palm trees on my first coming to China.

It is imperative, in short, that the Chinese, when in church, should *feel themselves at home*, and not in an edifice of alien forms.

I once saw in a poor village a little church, built by some mason of the place; it had a façade so refined and so Chinese! It was like a Latin phrase, naïvely and charmingly translated into Chinese. Unconsciously, that obscure mason was continuing the true artistic tradition of the Church.

Christian art marches onward from

century to century, renewing and transforming itself. . . . It *lives*, expressing the great life of the Catholic Church, which is a stranger to no soil or country and which by her powerful genius dominates and subjects to her service all the forms of art. Let us not arrest in China the triumphal march of Christian art.

The pagodas with their atrium and choir, the towers, the Temple of Heaven at Peking, the ancestral temples, the memorial arches, the great steles, the idolatrous altars with dorsals, the incense burners, the marvelous vases—all offer a great wealth of architectonic and decorative elements full of character, by the use of which a new type of church can be formed that will be at once perfectly Christian and perfectly Chinese.

In order to realize this ideal of a church at once Christian and Chinese, which would satisfy simultaneously the demands of liturgy and art, there was need of a master artist to blaze the trail.

Archbishop Costantini turned to the Catholic University of Peking for aid in the realization of his projects. He has long been acquainted with Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., of the Beuronese School of Sacred Art and he is an ardent admirer of the latter's work. The Apostolic Delegate requested Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., the Rt. Rev. Chancellor of the Catholic University of Peking, to use his good

offices in having Dom Gresnigt appointed to the China missions. Archabbot Aurelius was successful and Dom Adelbert Gresnigt reached Peking in March, 1927.

In this short space of time, the master of the Beuronese School has already produced exquisite works which have given Catholic missionaries in China a tangible presentation of the Apostolic Delegate's ideas on their practical side.

Dom Gresnigt's works contain more than the promise of a new and rich vein of Christian Art, which will be indigenous to the Church of China.

The Catholic University of Peking is in the hands of American Benedictines from Saint Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pennsylvania. The coming of Dom Gresnigt to the Orient may be reckoned among the steadily increasing number of outstanding services which this apostolic institution is rendering to the missions of China.

TRAPPISTS FOR SANCIAN (Rt. Rev. James Edward Walsh, D. D.)

DURING the conversion of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the contemplative orders evidently exercised a leaning towards islands. We do not know the reason for this, but we can conjecture some very good ones from a present analogy in our own mission. This is the case of Sancian Island, the spot blessed by the death of St. Francis Xavier.

An island means isolation—and there lie its chief advantages and disadvantages. Isolated people get little outside help, and strong churches can grow up all around without affecting them. The missionary on an island must be the whole Church to his people.

THIS IS THE AGE OF PICTURES

A print of Blessed Theophane Venard in the classroom will evoke interest in this modern martyr, the "Saint of Vocations". Classroom posters sent free on request.

Now a monastery, wherever located, introduces a community that by prayer, liturgy, labor, and example practically mirrors the complete life of the Church—while isolation is just what its members seek.

We are not surprised to read in a letter of Père Thomas describing the first visit of Archbishop de Guébriant (then Bishop of Canton) to Sancian, in 1914: "The idea of a Trappist Monastery seemed to haunt the bishop and he made several excursions alone into the mountains searching for a favorable location."

Need we say that we wish ardently to solve the problem of Sancian in exactly this manner? But there are difficulties. Will you not join us in praying for their removal? Let us ask St. Francis Xavier to do this for his own island.



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST BISHOP

This episcopal chair was designed and executed by Brother Albert Staubli, who left for the missions in 1921

PAYING FOR THE KONGMOON SEMINARY

THE Kongmoon Seminary is an accomplished fact in the sense that it has managed to make a start. Obviously, that start had to be a very modest one, for a seminary is always too large an undertaking to blossom out in full panoply at the very beginning, and what actually exists at present is one wing of a building already completely filled with thirty-three students.

When the Holy Father issued his order to enlist the greatest possible number of recruits in all mission seminaries, we at once planned to provide for a hundred boys, an enrollment one can undoubtedly attain with a little effort. That meant tripling our present accommodations, and it made us think of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle whose work is to provide for the education of native clergy. A letter went out and prayers went up.

Recently, we rubbed our eyes to read in the *Catholic Universe* that Fr. Speakman, of London, Director of the St. Peter the Apostle Society, is undertaking a vigorous campaign to raise the entire sum needed, ten thousand dollars. He has already collected a tenth part of it, and is making a strong appeal for the balance, evidently with every hope of getting it.

Would it not be interesting indeed if the first seminary in the first American mission in China should be financed by British Catholics, numerically so inferior to ourselves? We are reminded of the fact that Cardinal Vaughan founded a Foreign Mission Seminary in England long years ago, and of the resultant fact that British Catholics, though few in number, can yet steal a march on us in some respects.

"I USE THE FIELD AFAR AS A supplementary reader, speller, and geography; and also for English and composition," writes a Sister who is on our mailing list for one hundred copies monthly.

FOR LIFE — \$50



From Fr. Byrne

(Prepared for THE FIELD AFAR by the Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, Superior of the Maryknoll Missions in Korea)

IN THE COURSE OF A WEEK

SUNDAY, the Fourth in Lent—'Tis a far cry from Sunday in St. Peter's, Rome, to Sunday in Ho Jo, a lumberman's village on the upper reaches of the Yalu River. Our chapel is a straw-floored room in a tiny Japanese inn; the altar is made with a paper panel from a sliding partition, atop a derelict sewing machine; while rubrics dispensed with organ and choir, but called for a fur coat between cassock and alb.

We should have had a congregation, a Russian woman—married to a Korean—but she failed to keep last evening's promise to attend. So the angels went out into the byways, and they brought in an ancient serf, kindly soul he seemed, perhaps a faithful Simeon, according to his lights. At first, intent only on filling our open firepot with glowing coals, he was finally so overcome with astonishment at the unique ceremony before his eyes that he quite forgot all other duties of state and remained until the end, giving curious but respectful scrutiny to every gesture in this strange worship the foreigners rendered their God. Later, Fr. Hunt gave him a Japanese catechism, and he was well content, thanking us graciously and promising to read it with diligence and care.

After a breakfast that further stressed our lack of luck in not finding a Korean inn with its well-heated room and ample fare, we got out the maps and took counsel with our guides about the trek for today.

It is two days, two strenuous days of hard sledding along the frozen river, since Fr. Hunt and mesel' bade *au revoir* to the little band of Christians

in Fuchang Koup, leaving them happy in the news that their renowned pastor, Fr. Cassidy, is on his way to them. We are now in the territory of the German Benedictines and more than halfway across the Korean peninsula. One day more of sledding, provided we can make a record run, will bring us to the military road that leads to the Pacific, and enable us to cast our lot with those brave fellows who go down to the sea in jitneys.

Whether or not we can make port today depends on the wind, which seems to be freshening. If it covers the trail with drifts, our pace will suffer; we must be well content with the normal twenty-five miles. If the trail remains open and all goes well, we should cover the remaining forty miles by moonrise.

Let us then be up and going, with a care for frozen "fate"! All extra socks are quickly donned; mine host duly receives annuity, four times the rate of a Korean country inn, and our stocky little mountain ponies slouch sullenly up to the postern gate, where the drivers, before their very eyes, appropriate their nice warm blankets to spread over the straw in our sleds. This is not a diplomatic move; it is too bald, and tactlessly done. It breeds resentment in the hosses; they look peeved, and they will have all day an ample opportunity to get even with us.

So we get off to an early start. The trail, despite rather stiff zephyrs, shows as yet no signs of the hostile drifts but is hard and glistening. As the hosses warm up and settle down to a steady pace that reels off the knots, our chances of making the schedule run mount apace with Phœbus.

What ho! Breakers ahead! Several hundred feet high! Some mountain has come between us and our destiny. All hands turn out and walk! It is a welcome chance, for we have a constitutional objection to squatting cross-legged for hours on end, in a little box barely three feet square.

All hands turn in and push! Light though the sleds be, they are much too much for the sturdy little ponies on these steep inclines, some of them so "uppity" that we all but fall over backwards. Yo heave ho! With a strong push, and a long push, and all push to-

gether. . . . Up she goes, and up again, boosted up o'er crag and fen—ever up; save now and then skidding back on men and hoss, to down them five yards for a loss. Then up and at 'em again, boys—and once more the heaving heroes press to the fore.

It is over at last, after several intermissions, false plays, and strenuous rushes. With final grunts of victory from all the assembled spectators, winning teams from both sides cross the goal line and pause for awhile without protest on the summit of the berg.

After such an ascension, it is always several minutes before anyone is able to breathe persiflage or conversation, yet with the power restored inclination still witholds. One is too much at sea. In a vast unbound circle, disappearing on every side in somber fleecy mists, are countless white-caps, "anarithmon gelasma" of stupendous waves that have surged to the very sky and there frozen in the form of snow-clad mountain tops, so as to deceive even the sober. Here one is treading on the ceiling of the world—with clouds overhead doubling the snow-caps underfoot, who may profess to be upright?—and

MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA SAYS

\$1	for a day's support of a missionary.
\$20	for a month's wages of a catechist.
\$30	for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl or the yearly support of a leper.
\$50	for the yearly retreat expenses of a missionary.
\$100	for the yearly support of a student, the yearly upkeep of a village school, the yearly travel expenses of a missionary.
\$150	for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
\$200	for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
\$240	for the yearly salary of a catechist.
\$250	for the yearly support of a native priest.
\$300	for the personal support and travel expenses, for one year, of a missionary.
\$400	for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
\$500	for a village school, the outfit and travel expenses of a missionary or a Sister, to Asia, or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
\$1000	for a chapel or an orphanage.

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL



Photograph from Fr. Byrne

THE YALU RIVER AT SHINGISHU

Logs float on this river for hundreds of miles

though the heights may not be Everest's, yet they can give the feeling of Everest to those who have never been there.

Wherefore, without departing this world, and, likewise, without lonesomeness, one feels alone with God. The presence of others has little effect on this feeling, which may, for ought we know, be peculiar to novices in mountain climbing. This being alone with God the Creator, naturally, resembles in a dark manner being alone with God our Redeemer supernaturally in Holy Communion—save that in the one case He seems Immense, Unapproachable, Fearful; whereas, in the other, He has come down from the awful heights of deity to call us friends, to be to us father and mother and sister and brother. What a site here for an anchorhold! How a cell on this lofty crag would outstyle St. Simon!

How far it all seems above the busy marts of Satan; yet men carry their own hells within them, and, if the angels warred in heaven, so here, too, in an anchorhold atop the world, one might as readily rebel, for men's emotions do not long endure nor can they persuade any lasting virtue. The world indeed most applauds heroics born of impulse and of stress; but God approves that constancy in daily duty that becomes heroic through the very lack of inspiring passion. Had Martha gone about her work in the proper spirit, her "part" would have been equally as good as Mary's. An anchorhold is no better than a marketplace, and there are more saints in the cities than on the mountain tops. And moreover . . .

Benedicamus Domino! Wake up! If

we continue ruminating, we shall freeze stiffer than Lot's wife. Footmen, lead forth the chargers; on with the fray! It may be our apprehensions are deceiving us, but, as we return to our squats in the tiny sleds, we imagine sardonic grins on the faces of the hosses. You'll steal our blankets, will you! Well, the last laugh will be a horse laugh.

And, in truth, as we peer timidly into the perilous declivities whither we are now to descend, faintly discerning in their bottomless depths the basements of the Manhattan skyscrapers, the cold clutch of fear grips our hearts, for we are not to creep cautiously down these mountain steeps; we are to atone for

the hours lost in the ascent by going down on the gallop and at a rate that almost entitles one to loaf thereafter until judgment day.

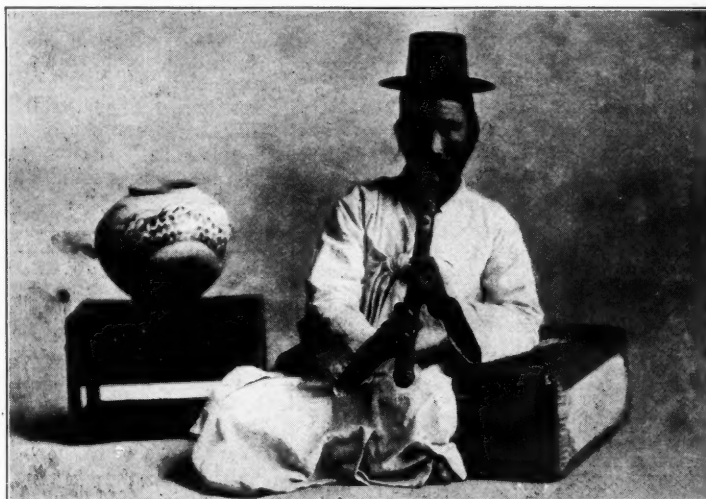
It is passing strange, but nonetheless true, that all these mountains that seem so steep when pushing up the sled on the ascent, are actually precipitous on the other side going down. To our considerable surprise, native travelers from the other direction remarked the same phenomenon. It is probably a natural wonder peculiar to Korea, and we believe the *National Geographic* should do something about it.

On your mark! Get set! All insurance claims are waived, and the starter pulls the trigger. We're off!!!

For awhile, we gambol down gracefully; the hoss is trying out his reflexes and tuning up his mainsprings. The driver rides on the dashboard, apparently nonchalant, but a careful observer would note about him a certain air, an expectancy, as if he were on the verge of something; and then. . . .

The prologue ends! Each ambling steed breaks into a steady trot; we strike the timber zone. Here the path, speedy enough of itself, is quickened by the lumbermen who while away the weary winter hours sliding multitudes of logs down into the valleys, whence

(Continued on page 65)



Photograph from Fr. Byrne

THE PENSIVE PIPER

He piped in vain for a bouquet to fill his vase with flowers. Incidentally, the Korean is fond of two kinds of pipes

STRINGLESS GIFTS . BEST

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

CATHOLIC Press Month — may it increase tenfold the number of subscribers to one or more of the weeklies or monthlies that are valiantly representing the Church in this country!

CAN anything good come out of Bolshevism?

There are evidences of such. A pastor in the Middle-West who had been examining into the spread of Bolshevist propaganda in China roused himself to splendid zeal with this reflection: "If these people are deadly in earnest to plant the seeds of pernicious doctrines harmful to the world, why should I not be on fire to help those who have gone to spread the truth so necessary for mankind?"

THE newly-launched educational enterprise of the Benedictines in Peking has been recognized as a university by the Chinese authorities.

Its scholastic year opened with one hundred and fifty students, who tax the buildings to their capacity. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who is keenly alive to the advantages of this work, now urges the purchase of an adjoining property valued at one hundred thousand dollars—a fine opening for some American with faith, vision, and money.

COURSES in the Chinese language are now being given in several non-Catholic universities of this country. At Stanford, in California, a fund has been provided by a San Francisco exporter to establish a chair of Chinese Language and Civilization.

This chair has been assigned to Dr. O. S. Johnson who remarks that "the first hundred years are the hardest" for a student of Chinese. He himself has spent seventeen years in China.

The class at Stanford is made up of Americans and Chinese. Among the Americans is a man past seventy years of age. There is hope yet for some of us.

ANNUALLY in the Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, of which the Rev. Daniel I. McGettigan is pastor, there is a Vocation Triduum. We have heard of similar efforts, which, if largely multiplied, would doubtless produce astonishing results.

We now have a Mission Sunday in the country when the appeal is for the awakening and strengthening of interest in the spreading of faith at home and abroad.

Laborers are needed for the waiting harvest—priests, Brothers, Sisters, and, let us add, zealous lay apostles.

A Vocation Sunday should follow. This vital subject is now touched occasionally, but a fixed day would be a wise reminder.

FOR some people, it means little to select a fairly large bill from the wallet or to write a respectable check and thus express approval of the Church's mission effort.

What comes from others for this great end may spell SACRIFICE, and it is needless to say that the cross-laden gift is the more acceptable to God and will return the greater investment interest.

Lent approaches, and the season calls for a lessening of creature comforts and for the exercise of self-denial.

Can we not give to God something to which this poor old human nature would rather cling and which it pains us to lose—service, for example, or a money gift that is the fruit of self-denials?

PIONEERS are honored while their successors are unsung—for blazing a trail is hard, but following it is easy. The forty-niners were heroes; today we call it a vacation to retrace their footsteps to the Golden State.

The conditions have changed. The new has become old, and the evolution brought modern comfort. The forty-niners needed sides of bacon and a covered wagon; all we need is a railroad ticket, a berth, and some money to purchase food along the way.

Should the help extended to the pioneer be identical with that afforded to his comfortably ensconced successor? Not if help

A BUSINESS ARGUMENT

The majority of men today are not obliged themselves to build highways or bridges, but the most elementary business acumen tells them that public thoroughfares cannot be kept in good condition unless taxes are paid by all.

Why do these same persons fail to see that the material foundation and development of missions is likewise a business proposition? The roadbuilders are there, ready and eager to break a way through the pagan wildernesses. But the taxpaying public? This is where some otherwise excellent business men fail to sense the parallel and to realize their personal obligations in the matter.

is measured by need. A new mission needs everything simply because it starts with nothing. Someday it will be an old mission. As it grows old, its equipment will increase and its need will diminish.

Is it to receive equal treatment at both stages? Or is it not rather to receive special consideration when its need is greatest? Better a life line now than flowers on the coffin later on.

So writes the "Number One" of our Kongmoon Mission.

¶

THE first of the six Chinese Bishops consecrated last year by Pope Pius XI has gone to receive the reward of an edifying and useful life, led for Christ.

Bishop Chao died last October at the age of forty-seven years from an attack of apoplexy. He had been trained by the Lazarist Fathers of Peking and belonged to a family of old Christians.

After ordination, he returned as a professor to the preparatory seminary and later took up successively the posts of curate, pastor, director of the normal school, and special secretary to His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, Apostolic Delegate.

After his consecration, Bishop Chao visited France where he spoke on several occasions, much to the delight of those who heard him and who admired his facility in the use of their language. Returned to China, he took formal possession of his see last April, being enthroned at a place called Swan-Hwa-Fu. With him to the end was his devoted friend, Fr. Lebbe, a Belgian missionary.

¶

BELOW are the salient points in an excellent report prepared by the Superior-General of the Belgian Foreign Missions, the V. Rev. Fr. Rutten.

Europe, recovering from the havoc of war, has had a trying experience in recruiting the ranks of missionaries and of home clergy, but the European mind is always active, and Fr. Rutten is only one



Sodoma

Mother most pure, pray for us

of many whose thoughtful writings are worthy of emulation. He writes:

The formation of a native clergy in foreign mission lands is the will of our Holy Father, and, as such, the will of Christ, whose vicegerent he is.

For the missions, a native clergy may mean life or death.

China needs twenty-five thousand new priests in the next twenty-five years, and these cannot be supplied by Europe or America, or both combined.

The traditions of the Catholic Church and the aspirations of the people themselves call for a native clergy.

The poverty of missionaries has for a long time been the great obstacle to this development.

Professors in native seminaries are missionaries above all others.

Missioners actually in the field should be ready to sacrifice themselves for the seminary.

All should encourage priestly vocations, especially in families that have been for a long time Christian.

The desire of the Pope for a native clergy must be realized quickly and fully.

The course of study for a native priest must be thorough in order that he may guard his own faith and that of his people; also that he may influence the educated classes. Then, too, he should not feel himself inferior to priests of other countries.

¶

KONGMOON REPORTS

KONGMOON will remain the first canonically established Maryknoll mission and it has its peculiar interest for us in the homeland who are watching it. There lies before the writer a copy of its yearly report to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. This covers the population and personnel; buildings, including churches, chapels, schools and asylums; spiritual fruits—that is, baptisms, confirmations, confessions, Communions, extreme unctions, marriages, and funerals.

The report also includes the mission finances: its foundations (almost negligible in a new mission); its subsidies from and through Maryknoll, from the Propagation of the Faith, from the Holy Childhood, and from the special offerings of individual benefactors; its expenses for the nourishment and housing of missionaries, for worship, for the native seminary, for schools, for catechumenates (centers for teaching the doctrine to those who live too far to come to the mission), for other institutions—namely, dispensaries, infant asylums, and old people's homes; for travel, repairs, and new buildings.

The details of this report to the Sacred Congregation would interest comparatively few among our readers, but all will be pleased to know that though a larger record of receipts would have been most welcome to Bishop Walsh, enabling him to push his work further, he is grateful for the year's help given to him and to his missionaries in their arduous task.

¶

Visitors to Maryknoll will hereafter find a bus at the station for most trains. The bus is in regular service from the railway station to Maryknoll and the name "Maryknoll" will be found on it.

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

Japanese Bishop and American Prefect

BISHOP Januarius Hayasaka, a native Japanese, the news of whose consecration in Rome by the Holy Father spread throughout the world, has been placed over the diocese of Nagasaki. He is the spiritual Father of nearly six thousand Catholics. This represents more than half the total number of Catholics in Japan proper, and

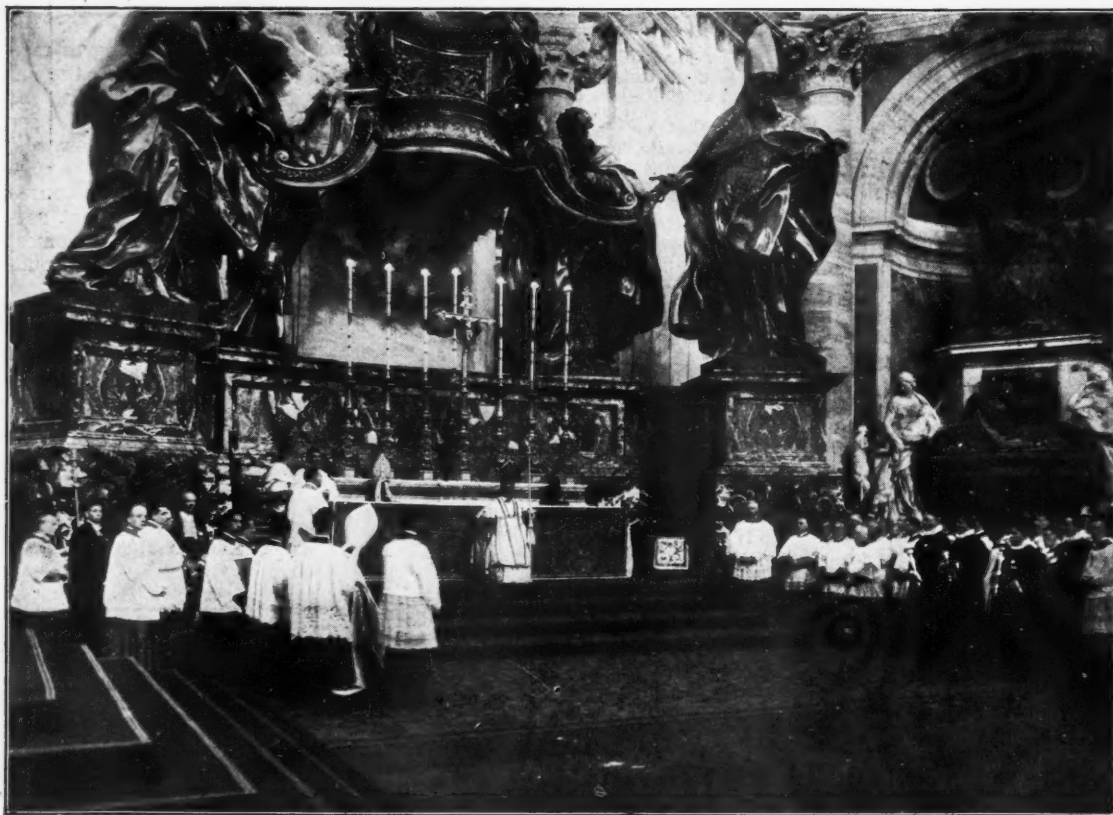


NAGASAKI, JAPAN

This is the center of Bishop Hayasaka's diocese. It is of historical interest in connection with the discovery of the Japanese Christians. The church and residence may be seen in the background

the majority of the flock are descendants of the early Christians.

Pagans and Catholics alike in Japan have rejoiced in the honors conferred on Bishop Hayasaka, and the Japanese on our own Pacific Coast are preparing an enthusiastic welcome. In the words of the Holy Father, the consecration of the first Jap-



THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP HAYASAKA AT ST. PETER'S IN ROME

The first Japanese bishop had the supreme privilege of consecration at the hands of the Holy Father himself. The photograph illustrates a moment toward the close of the ceremony when, after receiving miter and crozier, the new bishop is enthroned

efed Apostolic—Appointments from Rome

anese bishop has been an event of "tremendous import" for the Catholic Church and for Japan.

At this early writing, Bishop Hayasaka is expected as a guest at Maryknoll, and our readers will hear more of this visit.

Maryknoll was also privileged to receive a call from the newly consecrated Archbishop Chambon, of Tokyo. Archbishop Chambon is a member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society and was, with his Superior, Archbishop De Guébriant, a coconsecrator at the elevation of Monsignor Hayasaka to the episcopate.

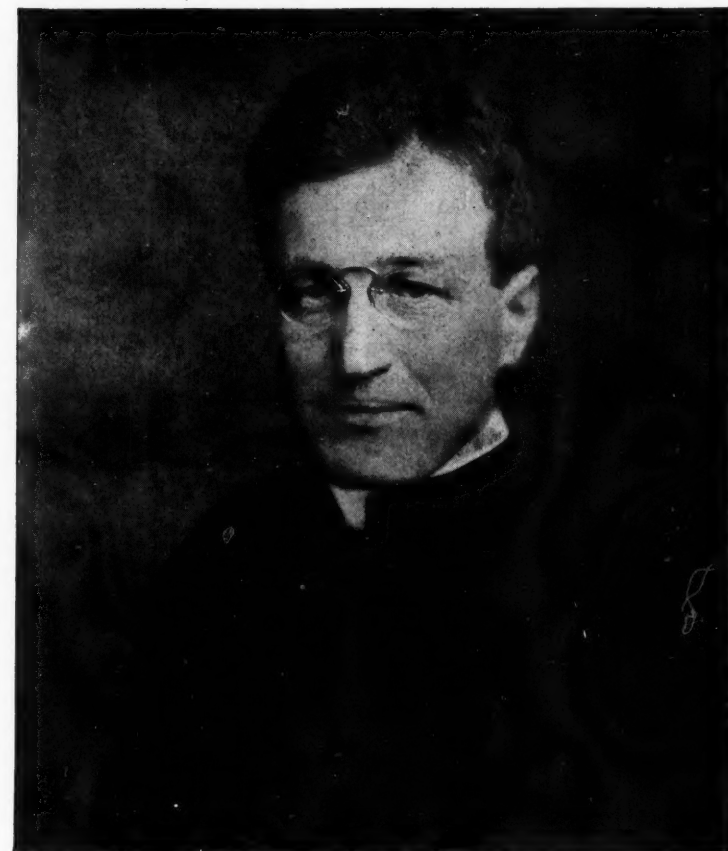
MONSIGNOR BYRNE

THE appointment of a second Maryknoll priest to be the official Superior of a new mission under the direction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has caught the attention of many prelates and priests. These realize that the American missionary is gradually coming to be recognized as a factor in the over-sea army of Christ and they are comforted in the thought that the Church in America is thus manifesting the strength of her own development.

The world-embracing faith of Christ can never be considered well rooted in any country until its tendons reach toward the barren wastes of other lands.

Father, now Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, has been named Prefect Apostolic of Peng Yang, a section of Korea. This is an historical note recording the name of the first American Prefect Apostolic to labor in Korea, or, for that matter, in any place under the flag of the Japanese Empire.

The announcement will make very little impression on the world at large, and the ecclesiastical promotion will not affect materially either the position which Msgr. Byrne has occupied for several years or the nature of the labor—strenuous labor—that he has exerted in that time. But the recognition from Rome will strengthen his arms in many ways and will hearten all his coworkers. It brings the consciousness of affec-



RT. REV. PATRICK J. BYRNE, A. F. M.

Prefect Apostolic of Peng Yang, Korea

tion and approval from the Father of Christendom.

We know that the many who have known Fr. Byrne as a student of St. Charles's, or St. Mary's, Baltimore, or as a Maryknoll priest at the Center or at the Vénard will rejoice at the recognition which he has received and will deepen their interest in his mission. They will understand how Fr. Byrne would shrink from the appointment as from its title and accoutrements, and they will know that his concern is about his fitness for the task. We urge their occasional remembrance of his spiritual needs which he alone can fully realize. Fail him not, and so let us assure him that his friends are mindful of his responsibilities.

The Prefecture Apostolic of Peng Yang, over which Msgr. Byrne has been placed, comprises the two northwestern provinces of the Korean peninsula. It is about the same in latitude and area as New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland combined.

Out of a total population of nearly two and one half millions, only about six thousand are Catholics. American Protestant missionaries are well established in the region and the Mission contains forty-two thousand native Protestants.

Among the most urgent needs of the Prefecture are adequate Catholic school buildings, which will fulfill the regulations of the Japanese Government, and burses for the support of Korean students for the priesthood.

The Missioner Cardinal

THE announcement of Cardinal Bonzano's death in November last brought from all sections of the United States expressions of deep regret, and revealed the affectionate esteem in which this eminent prelate was held.

Cardinal Bonzano's residence in the United States as Apostolic Delegate and his more recent visit as Papal legate to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago were the special ties that drew to him the love of American Catholics; but to Maryknoll and to other foreign mission organizations, there was an additional bond.

Cardinal Bonzano was a foreign missioner in desire and in fact. Aglow with the apostolic spirit as a student, he entered the Seminary of SS. Peter and Paul at Rome, and, after his ordination, left for China where he remained several years (seven or eight, as we recall) until forced back to the homeland by failing health. After his return to Rome and to health, he was assigned to the Urban College of Propaganda, becoming its rector.

Under his direction came Orientals and Occidentals; among the former, the recently consecrated Japanese Bishop of Nagasaki who was ordained in 1911.

That year, the founders of Maryknoll went to Rome at the bidding of the American hierarchy, and it was their privilege to



WHEN CARDINAL BONZANO'S TRAIN STOPPED AT HARMON Maryknoll students were gathered on this occasion to meet and salute His Excellency who later visited the Seminary

have some very helpful conversations with Monsignor Bonzano, who, from that time on, took a lively personal interest in the development of the young American Society.

Not long after his appointment as Apostolic Delegate, his Excellency spent a day at Maryknoll, charming all, faculty and students. On that occasion, he felt as if he were again in his student days and relished the mission atmosphere in which he found himself; he recalled many interesting experiences of his days in China.

As Cardinal legate, too, His Eminence visited Maryknoll, in company with his distinguished host, Cardinal Hayes. On his previous visit, Cardinal Bonzano had found us in an enlarged farmhouse, a frame building, and it was hard for him to realize that in so comparatively short a period Maryknoll had reared so imposing a structure.

His passing from the earth makes us feel his death a real loss. But we know that this fine soul is the gainer and that all of his interests will benefit by his intercession.

Along the Line FROM NORTH CHINA Fushun (Fr. Lane)

FIELD AFAR readers are well acquainted with the catechist idea and its importance on the mission field. Here at Fushun, we are impressed more and more with the necessity of having a good number of well-trained catechists, if we are going to make any progress.

A Top-Sergeant in a military outfit is no more indispensable than the catechist in the service of Christ's foreign

legion. Both get things done and run the gauntlet between Top-Side Number One and the forces. The real top-notch catechist should be a miniature of Napoleon, Richelieu, and the man that carried the "message to Garcia," with a generous admixture of genuine piety.

This is asking a great deal of human nature. Catechists of this kind are few and far between; they are born, not made. Since nature produces a variable quantity, we must try to make them according to standard. There must be a good character foundation and solid training in preparation.

At present, the number of men engaged in this occupation in all our vast section of territory wouldn't equal the number of digits in possession of a one-armed man. We could use fifty, and then wish for more.

We hope to begin training six after the new year. A Chinese priest will be in charge, assisted by an excellent and well-trained Chinese layman. This will be our foundation. In the picture of our present staff at Fushun, there are a number who would make fine catechists; but, as with every mission activity, the great drawback is the expense.

"CARRY ON" UNTIL THERE SHALL BE



Photograph from Fr. Lane
FATHER P'AN

Not Pan or Peter Pan, but simply Fr. P'an, the Korean priest helping Fr. Lane

Housing, food, and salary cut in on the budget, which is a fluctuating affair since we depend on good-will offerings for our upkeep and "go-on." Certainly, for one who wishes his benefaction to produce results in converts and a more fervent life among the Christians, the catechist fund is pretty near the "best yet" for possibilities.

Dairen
(Fr. Tibesar)

WELL, here I am after a hectic fortnight, pastor of Dairen, in charge of the Catholic Japanese throughout two-thirds of Manchuria—and not excited. I laughed at myself last night—very softly, of course, so as not to arouse the neighbors—at the change this last year has wrought in my life: the break with the peaceful stretch of nine years' seminary life; the despair of the first months of language study; the dream beginning to become real on this side—it's worth a smile or two when you think of it.

I've seen the bishop and Fr. Lane, arranged to push the church to completion—it's exactly at ground level now—baptized two children, and heard twenty-six confessions.

The people here are fine, but years

without a priest have told on them. One woman came in last night and asked the catechist if she ought to tell the priest she had had her baby buried with Buddhist Bonzes in attendance, according to Buddhist rites. The reason was summed up in her final, "Well, anyway, it was a pretty funeral."

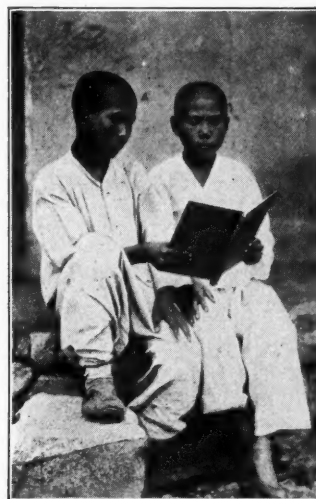
At the meeting of the "building committee" today (don't take the big terms seriously), they complained that the amount deposited with the government is not enough for a church.

Well, I guess not! Ten thousand dollars sounds like a terrible lot to put into a mission church (five hundred and your name on a gold plate on the door), but when that church is the only one in a city half the size of St. Louis and just as up to date in the way of building costs—what you actually get is more apt to resemble a bungalow. I told the men I thought we had better put the whole amount into the shell of the church and finish the interior as we can later.

The trouble is, we are committed to a program here which is too ambitious for our numbers and wealth—or lack of the latter. The parish must supply a church, priests' house, and catechists' house.

I haven't been to Port Arthur yet or seen the Japanese in Mukden or Antung. They will want churches, all of them, I know—at ten thousand per at least.

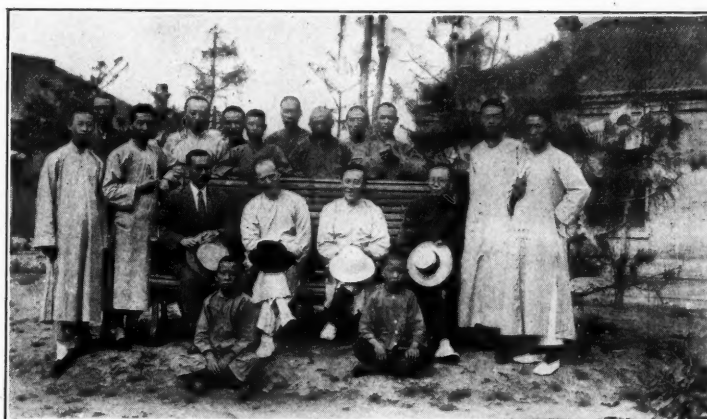
Meantime, I'm fixing up the little



Photograph from Fr. Chisholm
FATHER DUFFY'S SEMINARIANS
ON A HOLIDAY

chapel here and I think it will be very presentable. Fifty dollars should take care of an altar; a hundred dollars supply me with luxuries in the way of every day Mass vestments; twenty purchase a monstrance; twenty-five dollars remake odd bits of furniture into a vestment case—now who will give me some money for postage to write to my friends and tell them about it?

Well, I'm saying something in Japanese every Sunday on principle. They tell me I pronounce well and that they understand everything I say. For my-



Photograph from Fr. Lane
FATHER LANE WITH SOME OF HIS FLOCK
"There are a number who would make fine catechists, but the great drawback is expense"

BUT ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

self, I can say I speak fluently but not correctly. I'm allowing myself ten years to achieve that and do not think the estimate will be far wrong.

While speaking about languages, today I heard confessions in English, German, and Japanese and had to turn away a fine group of Chinese because I haven't mastered that. I am beginning to wonder what a man does in the priesthood who knows only one language. I shall try to get the Chinese confession vocabulary down this year.

FROM KOREA

Chungwaha

(Fr. Chisholm)

AT present, I am settled in a sense at Chungwaha; Bro. William and I are camping out in a temporary shack while a permanent house is under construction. The foundation walls are up now, and the house should be ready for occupancy in six weeks or so. I am sure you would like the site; it is on an eminence sufficiently high to be conspicuous without being inaccessible. The lower ground on three sides is occupied by the straggling town, about twice the size of Yeng You.

Our church is a Korean house with very little remodeling. It has a straw roof and mud walls with the ordinary paper floor. As yet, I have not thought it advisable to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. The harvest will be all in soon, and the people can find the means to fit it up more decently. They have been very good in money matters so far, buying the land for the permanent buildings and the temporary church, and I am sure I can count on them for the rest. After a few years, they hope that they can raise enough for a good church to cost from eight to ten thousand yen.

Altogether, I have about four hundred Christians in a total population of a hundred thousand. Many of them live far from here and attendance at Sunday Mass averages about eighty or ninety.

One peculiarity of the district is the number of abandoned stations. I have heard of three places where there are baptized Christians who have not been visited for twenty years. I have engaged a catechist, and his first duty, after the fall visitation, will be to



Photograph from Fr. Rauschenbach

THE GATEWAY TO THE NEW ORPHANAGE AT LOTING

It is a typical Chinese doorway, a complete circle as will be noted. The orphanage has been built since the destruction of the previous building which was made of mud brick and which, in its collapse, brought death to seven children. It will be a memorial to Father McShane, and subscriptions toward meeting its cost will be very welcome



THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE FATHER McSHANE

This valiant missionary, eight years in China, is buried directly in front of the house which he constructed some five years ago

SEND YOUR IRISH BONDS TO MARYKNOLL

search out the eastern part of the field where the villages are situated.

It has been a surprise to me how quickly some of the people have come to make use of their new opportunity to frequent the Sacraments. It would be reasonable to expect that Christians accustomed to a visit of a priest twice a year, and not always that, might think that four times a year would do very well. But thirty or forty are receiving Holy Communion each Sunday, and that number is doubled on the greater feasts. There are no daily communicants yet, but there is no Mass without Communions, and very few days without some confessions.

My largest, oldest, and best station is about fifteen miles west of here, at a place called Mokchart. The work was begun by Bishop Berneux over sixty years ago, and it was while visiting there that he was captured by the soldiers who brought him to Seoul and death for the faith. The people there are far better instructed than elsewhere and they seem to have kept some of the convert-making-spirit of the days of the martyrs. It is my plan to spend a few days at Mokchart each month. One reason is that it seems one of the best places in all this Maryknoll field to look for vocations. There are two promising candidates there now and there is every reason to expect more.

I am sure you will have my little piece of ground in remembrance, together with its inadequate pastor.

Gishu

(Fr. Peloquin)

I HAVE made changes in the school. One teacher left on account of illness and trouble at home. I have two who up to the present have given good satisfaction. So the school work is going along well.

I must build a new school, for the present one is much too small and requires constant repairing to keep the rain and snow from falling upon our heads. There is a small farm which was given to this mission by will, and I hope to sell it. This money with gifts, which I pray will come in from an appeal, will enable me to build next year.

I am just about making ends meet;

Thy Kingdom Come

DURING recent years, the Feast of Christ The King has renewed in our thoughts the promise of our Lord to His apostles. He foretold that from the wood of the Cross He would rule over the nations.

Are we really His followers in the sense that we are doing our utmost to spread His Divine Reign?

In the great land of China, there are over four hundred million souls, the vast majority of whom are pagans. To the intellectual leaders of "Young China" the so-called Christian nations of the West have given materialism and bolshevism. The old principles of filial piety and innate courtesy, which were the moral backbone of the Chinese race, have been undermined. The last state of these "cultured" pagans is more pitiable than their former ignorance.

The only remedy for war-torn, chaotic China is the recognition of the Reign of Christ the King.



For Christ in China

Build for the Nations' King

The Maryknoll Seminary is training soldiers of the Divine Sovereign who are carrying His Standards to the Orient. Help Maryknoll to combat ancient and modern paganism in the Far East. The privilege of adding several stones to the walls of the Maryknoll Seminary is yours for the sum of five dollars.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.

in fact my expenses for some time were higher than receipts.

FROM SOUTH CHINA

Tung On

(Fr. Rauschenbach)

TUNG ON with its marble hills is to be staffed this year by a resident priest and I am it. Fr. Sheridan, who is just getting over an operation, is to try the air at Loting for at least the next year, and Fr. Kennelly is to give him a few pointers along the line of mission science.

A few months ago, I made a visitation of the Tung On district; so I know some of the sights you met with when you visited here. I can readily see how you could take to such a simple mountain people as those at Wan

Choh Ying and Siu Taai and I already have one youngster in line for Kongmoon Seminary from there.

There has been a building committee formed this year of which Bro. Albert is the principal member. He is certainly a wonderful help to the priest in his own line, which happens not to be the line of most of the men and consequently makes him more valuable. He can take the entire responsibility of building and leave the priest free for his other work—besides you are sure to get something for your money.

Kochow

(Fr. Paschang)

SO far, so good; now farther! Our school has now finished its fourth year, and two classes of more

MAKE ROOM FOR THE MARYKNOLL MITE BOX

than sixty boys have already taken hence their Eighth Grade diplomas. Their going forth is another step of progress, but we regret their going.

A thousand times in these four years they have asked me: "Are you going to have a high school?"

I have asked myself the same question another thousand times.

We certainly *want* to have a high school. We just about *must* have one. The most opportune time to start one would be right now, regardless of political and fanatical opposition to Christian education, and also because of it. This opposition is not really popular, since most sensible folks prefer to send their children to a school that is conducted mainly for educational purposes, and not for street parading and rioting. Of course, there are many government high schools, and our Catholic boys could go to them; but if you knew these schools as we do, you would be even more opposed to sending Catholics to them than we are, because we have learned to find excuses for many things Chinese that we do not like.

If we could start our high school now, nearly all our graduates, Catholic and non-Catholic, would line up with us again and bring along their friends. Thus, the already established spirit of the school would still be working. If we have to wait a year, or several, very few of these boys will wait with us.

Many have already waited one year, but will soon take the first chance and go to other schools, or they will drift away altogether from the path of learning. Among these are some very promising Catholic boys, who, with fuller training, would be a great help in the spreading of the faith.

Such being so, why do we hesitate? Because, ladies and gentlemen, this school will require more money than it will produce. There will be an income from tuition, but not enough to pay the salaries of the teachers and other necessary expenses.

We have land enough; buildings that will do for awhile; and can get good teachers. We are sure of everything but enough money.

Do you know where we can get it by honest begging? If you do, please put us "next," or, better still, you get it for us and send it along with your own personal contribution.

MARYKNOLL NOTES

AT THE CENTER

The Growing Village—

HOUSES have climbed towards our Knoll and settled down, evidently for their lifetime. And now, when we look out from the terrace, we feel, less than before, that we own no considerable portion of the earth.

Who are our neighbors? We know not. Will they smile on us and shall we like them? We hope so.

However, we are marking the boundary line with a thick growth of trees taken from our over-covered woods. This will give to our neighbors, and, of course, to ourselves, the idea that our boundaries are quite limitless.

Incidentally, the transfer of trees has sent some of our students to horticultural sources, and they can now talk trees as if they knew all about them.

We may yet enroll among our Auxiliary Brothers a tree specialist. If not, we may turn some "handy man" into that line of work.

New Brothers—

Four new Auxiliary Brother aspirants have presented themselves with bag and baggage at our front stoop and been ushered in—also kept busy. At this writing, we have not learned of their accomplishments, but, if we may judge by appearances, the mission cause will be the gainer by their coming and what more can we expect?

The boss-farmer at Maryknoll has dropped out, and the payroll goes down a nick. This does not mean, however, that the farm will fall into what a friend of ours used to call innocuous desuetude.

On the contrary, it should bloom because several hearts, with corresponding pairs of hands, will go into it with zest. And the only difficulty will be to find one boss-farmer in this group since each is striving to combine humility with his zeal.

A Lone Departure—

A lone missionary leaving the home knoll calls for a special word and awakens unusual feelings. This time it is one of the most recent group of ordinati, Rev. William M. O'Brien who, in view of an urgent need in the mission of Fr. Ford, South China, has been assigned to that district.

Fr. O'Brien is from Chicago, and the great distance that lies before him will seem less long because he has already crossed this continent of ours. Remember him.

Winter Winds—

"The wintry wind doth blow," but it rarely brings great snowdrifts to cut off Maryknoll from physical contact with the outside world. In past years, there have been storms which for several days prevented vehicles from ascending Sunset Hill. Concrete roads and motor plows have lessened the hazard until now there is slight danger of prolonged isolation. Snow has few terrors for Maryknollers, however. Winter sports always have been popular among the students, many of whom some day will be plodding through the snows of Korea and Manchuria.

Indoor Sports—

Cold weather also brings an added attractiveness to indoor sports and the students' recreation room hums with activity—it might even be said to roar because when a crowd of healthy youths play basketball they do more than hum.

The recreation room is a rather unusual sort of place. Two stories in height, it was to have contained a huge reservoir. Unforeseen circumstances, however, necessitated a change in plans, and now one-half the room is used as a gymnasium. A mezzanine floor in the other half provides a reading room upstairs with an extra room below it. So, despite diversity of pastimes, the entire community is able to spend recreation periods together.

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

The Show—

Several times each winter, the gymnasium becomes the Maryknoll Theater. Religious dramas and mission plays, most of them written by Knollers, are produced for the edification of the assembled family. To the occupant of the first seat on the center aisle, the source of the scenery and costumes always has been a mystery. Occasionally a solution seems imminent as when a well known table cover appears on the shoulders of a Roman general; but ordinarily the effects remain unexplained.

Needless to say, the necessity of staging productions with a minimum of equipment develops ingenuity which is certain to be in evidence during later years when plays will be produced in the Maryknoll schools of the Orient.

A year or two ago, a kind friend donated a motion picture machine, and another sees that occasionally an especially good film finds its way to the Seminary. Sometimes, too, we see ourselves as others see us, since Father Foto takes movies for the record of important events.

At present, a three-reel Maryknoll "feature" is touring California. It presents, as nothing else can, a vivid story of the work of the American missionaries. The Society's keeper of archives is happy to have in his possession records of such important events as the arrival of the first Maryknoll Sisters in Yeungkong, the departure ceremonies of 1923 and 1927, the first council of bishops in China, and the consecration of Bishop Walsh at Sancian Island.

St. Teresa's and G. W.—

Washington's birthday, in February, always revives interest in St. Teresa's lodge, one of the buildings occupied by the Maryknoll Sisters. It is a quaint old frame dwelling and was the first Maryknoll convent. The Father of His Country is said to have honored the house with his presence. Whether the statement is true or just one of similar legends attached to scores of homes in



OUT OF BOUNDS FOR OUTDOOR SPORTS

New York and New England, never has been determined. However, our first president would not recognize the building now with its sewing rooms, picture framing department, and telephone switchboard.

Storied Ground—

Of more certain historical character are other places near Maryknoll. In the Hudson river, to the west of the Seminary, can be seen the historic point where the

British sloop, the *Vulture*, anchored.

Pines Bridge, Quaker Bridge, Yorktown Heights, White Plains, and many other points of historical prominence in the neighboring territory add considerable interest to the hikes which the seminarians take each week.

Train school children to love a Catholic paper. Have them read *The Field Afar*.



HOW TO RECREATE AND BE USEFUL

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

SCRANTON

WE awoke the other morning to find the "milky way" falling to the earth. Every student was in his glory. Heavy paths mean little to them.

Sleds and skis, jack-jumps and boards, and most anything that would carry the boys down the crusty hills, have been used since the rain glazed and froze the winter cloak. These lively pranks show the typical American boy; they show that buoyancy accompanies high ideals. It will be a sustaining quality on the missions when the night will sometimes need a star.

Indoors, the basketball has played the most prominent part during the long winter months. Sometimes the neighboring schools come in to try our strength. This year more than ever we have shown them that we have a championship team.

We must not forget the band and orchestra which have a mission. Fidelity to practice not only gives the community a stimulant of classic and popular music, but develops pastimes for future missions. It is good to find many of the boys so earnest and enthusiastic over this form of recreation during the winter days.

LOS ANGELES

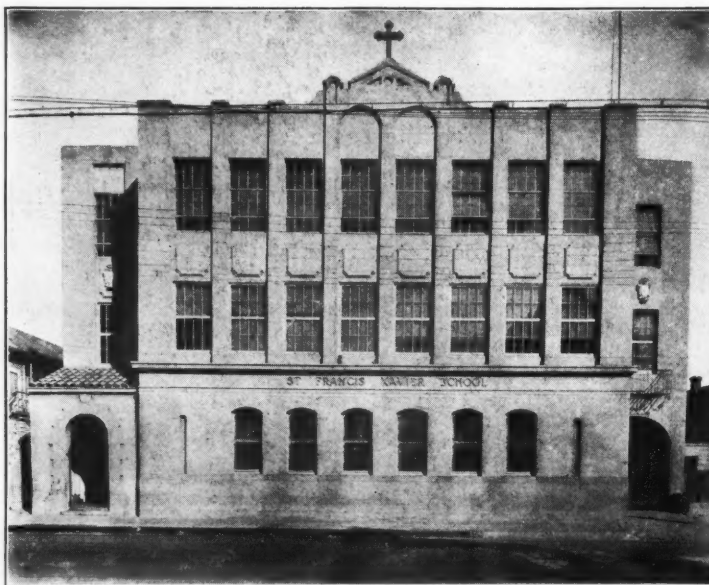
WHEN it is raining in Los Angeles I surely appreciate having Brother drive up to my front door with the large bus and take me eight miles to the Maryknoll School. He arrives around seven thirty, and this early hour is necessary in order to give time to gather up the children who are scattered over this city. Ninety of us pack in. I asked Brother recently how many miles his bus travels each morning before his trip is completed. He said, "Forty miles."

"Well," I said, "by the time the day draws to a close you will have covered eighty miles."

"Yes," he said, "and I will have burned about ten gallons of gasoline."

Nine o'clock finds me at my desk on the top floor of this three-story, ten-room school which Maryknoll built within the last five years. Each room has a crucifix at one end and an American flag at the other, so that after saluting God in morning prayers, we all rise to salute the flag and that for which it stands, our great country.

The other day, Sister told us that piety and patriotism go hand in hand in making a good citizen of this great Republic. She pointed to the crucifix as symbolizing one and to the flag of the United States as symbolizing the other. Though I am a non-Catholic like the majority of the pupils in our school, I know the full meaning of the cross and the flag.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The cost of this school, which is now occupied by nearly three hundred Japanese children, has been largely met from offerings of Japanese—pagans and Christians—in Los Angeles

SAN FRANCISCO

THE Maryknoll Gift Shop—how strange that sounds! Yet it's true. The next time ye of the East or West are in the fair city of San Francisco, find your way to McAllister and Scott Streets, where you cannot help but see the Maryknoll Procure. Then come right in and behold the fine array of Oriental attractions within—articles in shining brass: candlesticks, cigar and cigarette boxes, ash trays, match boxes, tea canisters, and desk sets. Then there are sets of cloisonné ware, boxes and panels in carved lacquer, beads, jars of ginger—in short, so many things that would serve for gifts or bridge favors. If you see them, we assure you you cannot resist purchasing one or more.

And their prices? Most reasonable—much lower than the charges in Chinatown.

If anyone should happen to inquire, we should like to have it known that there is a reception committee of one in San Francisco to welcome all and any gifts for our Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos. Some had the impression that gifts for the seminary have been many and large, while, in fact, we have been struggling along barely making ends meet for running expenses, with no possibility of paying interest on our debts, not to speak of the principal that is a very healthy size.

It takes so much time and effort to

gather a few shekels that more important work must be neglected.

Part of the problem will be solved when we get a goodly number enrolled in our Maryknoll Guild. Members, you know, give some small amount each month towards the support of students for the priesthood at our Los Altos Seminary—it costs thirty-five dollars a month to educate a student. If you can get a sodality, a society, a club, a friend, or an enemy to make some monthly offering for this purpose, really, we shall be most grateful to you.

Bishop McGovern, of Cheyenne, visiting here, wanted to see Los Altos; so we drove him down—no, not in the miserable Ford, but in something of the opposite extreme, borrowed for the day.

Fr. Walsh, our Superior and Founder too, was with us for a few days. In so many ways was this visit welcome, coming in the pioneer stages of our work out here.

We entertained him in true Maryknoll fashion. One day he would be driven in a Cadillac; the next, in something more forlorn than a Ford. One meal he would have with a servant on each side; the next, with us, who must get along without the luxury of a cook and often resort to the well-worn can-opener.

To those thinking of a memorial, great or small, for a relative or friend,

PUSH OUR CAUSE

we should suggest something at our Los Altos Seminary. Several statues are needed for empty niches, a bell for a vacant belfry, windows for our chapel, beds and bedding for many a room. In fact, anything you have in mind might well fit in, for we have a long and varied list of "want ads."

One of our best recent surprises came from a student at Stanford University. He remarked that his allowance had been shortened and so he had to cut his supply of cigarettes to half normal; yet, in spite of that, he gave Maryknoll a check for twenty-five dollars and also joined the Maryknoll Guild with the promise of a dollar or so each month.

Isn't that sacrifice? Surely our Lord will bless him!

LOS ALTOS

OUR garden is sprouting, blossoming, and flowering in a fashion that would encourage the heart of any amateur. Friends furnished us with slips, seeds, and bulbs in the fall—all we had to do was to plant.

In front of us, behind us, to the right of us, to the left of us are acres and acres of orchards. The rows of trees are as prim, as straight, and in as regular order as cadets posed for dress parade. Most of these orchards will be in blossom before the end of February, and a more beautiful sight is hardly to be imagined.

The greater number of neighboring orchards are prune groves. Some of our friends, the growers, claim that the fruit Eve bit at was not an apple but a prune. Be that as it may, prunes raised within a stone's throw of our doormat are shipped to China as well as to Alaska, and last year a special box was packed for the Pope himself. We were the happy recipients of almost a ton of prunes after the fall harvest. There were a few fruits left over and above our household capacity and these were shipped to the missions.

But it takes more than plentiful tempting food to keep some folks home and happy. We hesitate to let you in on our household troubles, but, on second thought, we know that you understand. Girls will leave home despite good food and lots of it. Our Patricia is that way. She has a cute bungalow, fine fare, an attendant, and still she won't stay home. Perhaps Patricia has caught our own spirit—foreign missions. That we don't know, but that she has the wanderlust we do know, for every time it's milking time, Patricia, our only cow, is abroad.

Every Mass you hear will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon.

HAWAII

IF prohibition has been created to absorb one sort of dampness, we have another agent to combat the frequent rains. One of the Maryknoll Sisters asked a youngster what the sun was made for. The answer was the unexpected one: "To dry clothes."

More "wise cracks" from our school children:

Fr. Barron asked: "Who was the first navigator?" As he was reviewing the story of the Deluge, the answer was easily guessed. The second question was more of a stunner: "Who was the most courageous navigator?"

He may have expected the name of Columbus; but the answer came: "Moses."

"Why Moses?" asked the Father Inquisitor.

"Because he navigated the Nile without a paddle," was the answer.

He probably realized, too, the difficulty of keeping afloat without an out-rigger contraption, so common to local usage.

Recently, Fr. Kress spoke to a large congregation in Wailuku's roomy church on Christ, the King. Priests of the neighborhood added solemnity to the occasion.

Fr. Philip, assistant at the cathedral, left today for a visit to Europe. Fr. Reginald, chancellor and editor of *Church Bells*, left by the same boat and for the same destination. Said the chancellor: "What a good thing that we have obliging Maryknollers on the Islands." Fr. Murray moved his trunk to the Cathedral rectory for a stay of six months, replacing Fr. Philip; while Fr. Kress accepts the scissors and paste pot job for the same length of time.

A gathering of influential Punahoans answered a call of Fr. Barron to devise means for Church support.

Bro. Philip caught seven for catechism. And this is only the beginning—several pagans among them.

ROME

OUR Roman chronicler writes:

People of every class and rank from the Cardinal Secretary of State to the humblest of the Italian peasantry; from the king of Italy himself to the wily street urchin, passed through the aisles of St. Peter's, anxious to witness the consecration of Bishop Hayasaka, Japan's first native bishop.

About half-past eight, a thrilling blast from silver trumpets in the balcony high up over the entrance of the basilica announced the approach of the Holy Father. This was a signal for the whole congregation to break forth into lusty "Vivas" and acclaim the humble

shepherd of Christ's flock born over their heads on the *sedes gestatoria* through the center of the nave. As the trumpeters played the solemn "Papal March," the procession moved slowly towards the sanctuary.

Soon the Holy Father reached the altar. The music ceased, the cheers died away as the *sedes* was lowered. Then His Holiness ascended the throne on the Gospel side to prepare for Mass. Meanwhile, the Sistine choir intoned as usual, and His Holiness began the prayers *Ad Praeparationem Missae*. When these were ended, the ministers of the Mass, ten or more in number, assisted the Holy Father in vesting.

Archbishop de Guebriant, Superior of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and Archbishop Chambon, Ordinary of Tokyo, were the coconsecrators.

When the new bishop had received the mitre and gloves, after the Last Blessing, the Holy Father spoke in Latin telling of his joy in consecrating the first native Bishop of Japan. He extolled Japan's spirit of Catholicism from the days of St. Francis Xavier, exalting the steadfastness of the Japanese Catholics during the persecutions of the last three centuries. In closing, His Holiness assured the new bishop of his constant prayers that he might go and bring forth much fruit.

We went to the Vatican recently for an audience with the Holy Father. The chronicler cannot describe what this actually means.

The audience took place in the large *Sala del Consistorio*, where most public audiences are held. The long hall was well filled, lined on three sides with the faithful representing many nations.

Shortly before the Holy Father appeared, the officials ushered us up to the front of the hall—"Clerics up front." This was a happy move, for we were placed opposite the door through which the Holy Father enters. Then one of the Masters of Ceremonies came down and arranged the group in order, according to seniority, as if he had been our Prefect.

Soon the Holy Father with his military bodyguard and attending monsignori entered. The first three to kiss his ring were Maryknollers. When he had made the turn of the room, he returned and gave the Apostolic Benediction at the throne near which we were kneeling.

Now we are satisfied. We have seen the Vicar of Christ. We have felt the presence of Christ in a new manner. *Viva il Santo Padre.*

Legal Title:
Catholic Foreign Mission Society
of America, Incorporated.

FATHER CHIN



Dear Juniors:

To be real missionaries—and that is our aim—we must know certain things: the need of mission work; facts about mission life; and what qualities a missionary himself should have.

Now, I do want every one of you to know these things, but I could never squeeze such big matters into such a little letter; besides there is a nicer way, your favorite way, for learning them—a story!

When you have read "A MODERN MARTYR", not only will you know better, but you will love more the Cause for which you are Maryknoll's little co-workers.

"True Blue" JUNIORS will want to read the life-story of Blessed Theophane Venard. May this dear Modern Martyr bless our Junior Apostles and—

Their

Father Chin

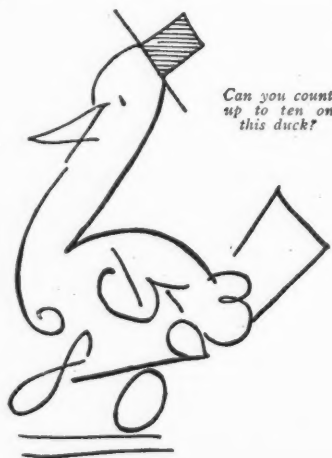
February 2 to March 19 ESSAY CONTEST

Subject—My Thoughts of "A Modern Martyr".

Material—"A MODERN MARTYR", the Life of Blessed Theophane Venard, to be read by JUNIORS singly or by teacher to a class.

Entrants—JUNIORS from the Fifth Grade up.

THREE PRIZES offered. Composition, English, and neatness considered.



MAECHAN—MARY
A little friend of Maryknoll
in Tokyo



From Juniors



My two brothers (Cyril and Kenneth) and I are sending five dollars to buy a Chinese baby. If it is a girl, we should like to name it Thérèse, and if a boy, call it Paul.—*Jeanne Pahl, Minneapolis, Minn.*

February 2—feast of Blessed Theophane Venard.

The fifty cents which I am sending you is for the missions. The Chi Rho button is a peach. I thank you for the blotter which you sent me and also for the little leaflet with *Mater Gratiae* on it.—*Thomas Brennan, Newark, N. J.*

Theophane—"lover of God".

I received my badge and am very happy. I will try and send in all I can to help the missions. I promise that I will be an active member, and, although I am only twelve years old, I bet I can do a lot.—*Anna Brady, Belleville, N. J.*

"A Modern Martyr"—a missionary in heart at the age of nine.

I am ten years old and live on a farm. I received a mite box from you and have saved two dollars; I saved one hundred and twenty-five pennies and the rest in nickels and dimes. I hope I can save five dollars by next year.—*Frances Sauer, Washington.*

A lovable boy; a zealous priest; a glorious martyr.

TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

Pray for other Theophanes.

I enjoy reading your magazine, *THE FIELD AFAR*, very much. I like to look at the pictures of the Oriental children, and read the stories of the missions and of the Chinese babies. I am sending my Enrollment Slip and hope to become a JUNIOR missionary. I am enclosing ten cents for the Chi Rho badge in blue.—Margaret Mannix, Bronx, N. Y. C.

France, his homeland; China, his adopted country.

The Kindergarten Class has secured one new subscriber for *THE FIELD AFAR*. We shall be delighted to receive one of your posters of Blessed Théophane Vénard for our classroom. We promise a prayer each day for you and your missionaries in China; and that we will help Maryknoll in every way we can.—The Kindergarten Class, Sacred Heart School, Gardner, Mass.

Maryknoll's Venard called after Blessed Theophane.

We received our Maryknoll JUNIOR badges and we are very proud of them. The posters which you sent we have put up in our classroom. The little Chinamen do look very pathetic, and we have resolved to work very hard for them and pray still harder. We hope in our next letter to be able to "round up" a few pennies for China.—The Stampers, St. Mary's Academy, Alexandria, Va.

Gay and fun-loving—at home, on the missions, in his martyrdom.

I should like to enroll my friend and myself as Maryknoll JUNIORS. Recently I had the great pleasure of hearing two of your Maryknoll priests speak. Then I gave my subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*. They were wonderful and made the people feel as though they were really God's messengers. We love to read your books and we promise to fulfill the three requirements as JUNIORS—to be missionaries at heart; to read *THE FIELD AFAR*; to take part in the Maryknoll Junior activities. Enclosed you will find twenty cents for our badges.—Catherine Sturges, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"A MODERN MARTYR", published at Maryknoll. Paper bound \$.60; Cloth bound \$1.

We have been making acts of sacrifice since the reopening of school and giving the money we should have spent for candy and amusements towards a fund the "Junior Aloysians" are raising in order to give little Jesus a present.

We think He would like nothing so much as the soul of a little Chinese baby, and we think it will please Him if we call our baby after His Blessed Mother. She should be named for lit-





Sis Silk



Did U ever hear
the story of a
baby called Si?

Once upon a time he lived in the of a mulberry away over in China. Si was about 4 inches long and had 'most a 100 little . He 8&8 and never stopped even to go to . About once every week he would shuffle off his old gray and go right on eating, for a bright new was there growing on his back. He crawl along the and take great big bites of the juicy green.

But 1 day a funny thing happened—Si began to get sleepy! Before he could take a nap he had 2 make himself a little and some . These he made from fine silken which he drew right out of his !

Now in the below was a Chinese who Si busy, and she wished t her clothes were made from those beautiful threads which shimmered in the light like the colors of the .

Months later w Si awoke he was no longer a but a brown ! Delighted he opened his fluttering s & flew away.

The had learned where Si's uncles & s and cousins lived 2, and she took their soft silken & had them woven into beautiful .

Today other s like Si give us the silken s which R woven in 2 pretty things for little s & s like U.

tle Jesus too; so please have our baby named Mary Christine.—The Junior

Aloysians, Academy of the Sacred Heart, N. Y. C.

"HAPPY" FOSTER

By J. J. C.



AREN'T they happy!" everyone said as the two came down the church steps. Even the sexton left out the accustomed curses as the rice flew.

Those who were there say that his eyes, half hidden beneath the shaggy over-hanging brows, sparkled as the pair accidentally caught what was to have been a dull, dark scowl.

"My, they're happy!" he exploded—and this was proof, indeed, of the fact, for thirty-four years of old-fashioned, rice-flinging marriages had left the sexton a doubtful man regarding this "happiness stuff."

Will Henry Foster had opened the shutters of his office in Babylon, Ohio, six years before, and, during that first week in town, there rose to everybody's lips the appellation for him of "Happy," which ever after in the minds of all stood for the new young doctor.

And there was in that "Happy" all the loveliness and beauty of the word. It represented a man who to his very marrow seemed genuinely content and who wished his happiness for others. An old lady guessed the secret. "It's a gift of God," she said.

And perhaps in the world abroad there could be found another for Happy's arm still more perfectly made for the place than Mary Angela Dougherty. But Babylon would never admit this. Some years before, two laughing eyes and a prankish body were first noticed gamboling in the township's lanes and woodlands. The eyes missed nothing, folks found, and the heart of Mary Angela led captive all that Ohio countryside.

Then Mary Angela grew up a little, and the time came to go to college. "She'll not come back," folks murmured. "They never do to these parts of Ohio"—this last was whispered in awful solemnity.

But she did, larger and stronger,

straight as a post, quite mannish, some said—with a stride like a grenadier and a handshake that matched the farmers'. But likewise she was very much womanish, others said, womanish in possessing all the fineness, the gentleness, the tender commandingness which gives woman her high rank in the human race's nobility.

She was theirs yet, Babylon exulted; and the exultation mounted to ecstasy when Mr. and Mrs. Mark Dougherty announced that Happy had won her and would hold her still longer among the blistering roads of Carl County. And no one could have asked for a more glorious October day than that on which the two drove off from out the general delirium.

As winter approached, people seemed almost to enjoy getting sick because it meant walking past that shiny brass that read "Doctor Foster" and taking a dose of the quintessence of cheerfulness which came from mixing with Happy's spirits the spirits of Happy's wife.

October dawned again, and, one cool night, the word flew along the valley that Happy's wife had a first-born. A dull sense of horror followed next morning when the word said that all was not well; Mary, the valley's darling, was at death's door. She rallied with the sunrise for one brief sweet span. Happy leaned above her as consciousness came and a wan smile of recognition.

"It's a boy," he said softly.

"Be your best to him," she said faintly.

"But you're going to stay with him too," Happy whispered hoarsely, as he saw all that was tender, all that was sweet, all that was beautiful gather in Mary Angela's eyes.

Death was chivalrous. It did not chill the soft, quiet smile that hung about her face as the priest pronounced the last absolution and the end came. The memory of it was a keepsake for the heart-broken countryside.

"I can't go to that office, Alicia. I

can't bring that boy my troubles." But John Stanford went, and the vestibule was open as usual and the brass with the name of Doctor Foster shined just as before. John's heart was like lead as he stood to enter the consultation room, but there at the door in trim white coat was the doctor.

"Welcome, Jack! A little tired yet, aren't you?—but much stronger than a few days ago. Take a seat. Ma Stanford is tiptop as usual, I suppose?"

No, there was nothing discordant in this, John decided—and marveled. That happiness of Doc Foster, he puzzled out on the way home, was never of the loud sort that was unfitting when grief hung about. Rather, in sickrooms and at death beds, it mellowed the ugly dreads and cast a luster of peace on the sorrow. Perhaps there was something spiritual in it. Perhaps it was built on some brand of supports that fortune in vain tries to shake. John did not know, but perhaps.

Thus Babylon wondered, and the Doctor continued as usual—Communion each Sunday morning, and, when the passing years had given body and energy to William Henry, Junior, there were walks, rides, and journeys out of the valley for hunting, fishing, or the sheer joy of jaunting among people and places by each other's side.

"About everything under the sun," Will Junior answered laughingly when someone asked him what they talked about. "We just keep the kettle boiling, and everything along the way is fat for the fire."

Such was the unwariness of sixteen summers. One uninitiated might have heard Will Junior reveal his life decision the afternoon he and Happy jugged the country roads after the boy's graduation from college and seen no connection between it and the care-free conversations of by-gone years. But it would be only the uninitiated.

"Say, Dad, I've decided this spring that I'd like to be a priest."

"Good."

"And . . . I've decided I'd like best to be a mission priest."

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

"Very, very good . . . good, boy . . . very, very good."

For a moment, Happy's eyes turned toward the western heavens. But only for a moment.

"Say, boy, you're losing the snap in your step—a little more vim. I'll beat you to the top of the rise there." He didn't, but he almost held the young runner's side as with a shout they reached the spot.

"The snap's there, son," he laughed loudly. But there was something between exultation and agony in the vigor of his embrace as he caught the winner. "So you'll be a missionary, boy? Very, very good."

"I'm saying we'll have a quantity of these from now out, Doc," ventured the postman, pointing to the Chinese stamp.

"Yes sir, Harry—this is only first blood"; and the Doctor hurried inside. There was something of ceremony about the reading of this letter, it seemed—the door was closed, the Morris chair carefully backed to the window, the shade raised, and then the bulky epistle taken from the envelope. Happy Foster read deliberately, anxious to get on, yet seeming almost to hold himself back at the regret of reaching the end. It was chapter one of the *res gestae* of a knight of the Gospel. Finally, the last page turned, the father read:

"And now that you see me actually staked out in the field, let me make a charge against you, Dad. You, not I, discovered this mission vocation of mine—my part was simply to steal your discovery and exploit it for myself.

"I did not know this till a very short time ago. I did not appreciate till recently that everyone did not have a father whose very being breathed out a joy of heart that made all who met him feel something glow inside. We walked many a mile of Ohio roads and had many an outing together, but it is only now, as I look back, that I realize in all those delightful hours of apparent do-nothing, you were sowing in my heart the most majestic thing in the world—a vision of the Kingdom of God; a vision of a universe in which race line, color line, the barriers of

Thirty Pieces of Silver

AFTER having betrayed his Divine Master for thirty pieces of silver, Judas led a great multitude against Him and he gave them a sign, saying: "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He. Hold Him fast."

And forthwith coming to Jesus, he said: "Hail, Rabbi." And he kissed Him.

And Jesus said to him: "Friend, whereto art thou come?"

Perhaps there may have been times when we too have come before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and, though we paid Him outward homage, we were indifferent to the cause of His Sacred Passion, the salvation of souls. At such times, He may well have addressed to us the sad and tender words He said to Judas: "Friend, whereto art thou come?"

Maryknoll is forwarding you a little purple bag and asks you to place in it thirty pieces of silver. This money will aid Maryknoll missionaries to win pagan souls for Christ and will serve as your reparation for the betrayal of Judas.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.



Friend, whereto art thou come?

ocean, of tongue, of custom, were mere mishaps; for all men are one, one for this life's brief span—yes, but one more truly for that endless life when men pass over the threshold to eternity.

"How did you teach me? Simply by the way you treated the people we met and the way you talked of the people we couldn't meet—whose doorsteps mark the line from ours to the end of the earth. Thank you for the treasures you gave me; the lesson of an inwardly beautiful life and its outwardly beautiful reflexion. I'm trying to be worthy of my Dad."

"Hm!" Happy Foster chuckled, "sermonizing to the old man."

That night, after stillness and dark, the two sweet friends of reflection, had paid him a call in his garden, he stole to his desk and sent an answer overseas:

"And perhaps it is true, I'm a small bit guilty," he ended his pages of bantering. "If so, I face my Judge. You, an officer in His foreign legion, beg Him to be gentle. Whatever gift of the joy of living I own, remind Him that it came from Him; and, if I tricked my son into generous-heartedness, tell Him it was in desperation at my desire to pay Him back for the blessings with which He has showered me.

"I stopped in my walk this afternoon at the grave of my girl of long ago, your mother. I'm sure she is looking down tonight on us both, a quite pitiless sparkle in her eyes at sight of the straits of a father convicted by her son of giving him a world-wide heart. She in heaven and I in Babylon—we are both praying for you, boy. God bless our mission priest."

WEAR THE CHI RHO

Circles



ONCE MASAMI—NOW JOSEPH

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address all communications to
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

DO you need a new supply of Membership Cards or wish for some information regarding your circle work? Write to the Circle Director, Maryknoll, New York.

A very generous stringless gift came to us from the Vénard Club and Auxiliary, the proceeds of a joint party. Both these organizations have done much for Maryknoll; in fact, several members of the former have joined the ranks of the Maryknollers.

From one of our missionaries overseas comes an urgent plea for "pots and tins." Perhaps one of our Circles would like to hold a Tin Shower. Write to the Circle Director for list of articles needed.

Friends who are unable to form a Circle or to become affiliated with the one nearest to them can help along the work of Maryknoll

in a substantial way by joining the Center Circle. Consider this suggestion and if it has any appeal, send your name to the Circle Director.

Many of your friends have bits of jewelry tucked away in boxes and trunks—articles that will never be worn or used. Make an effort to collect these old valuables and send them to Maryknoll. They will help along the work for souls.

During this month of February, our Circles named after the modern martyr, Théophane Vénard, will no doubt remember the missions so dear to the heart of this youthful priest. As a boy, he longed to go to fields afar and plant the faith of Christ. Maryknoll owes much to the Circles that have this young martyr as their patron.

On the Receipt Side

BY the will of the late Rev. James O'Brien of Bar Harbor, Maine, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, as residuary legatee, has been generously remembered. Several other wills have matured, most of them small in figures but all most welcome in the good will manifested.

We have also registered, during the past month, three annuities, payment for a priest's room in the Seminary, several gifts for our missionaries in Eastern Asia—not as many as we or they would wish. But we are grateful for all.

Among the Native Clergy Burses, we shall have two dedicated to the Christ-King. Each will serve a different section of our mission field. Fifteen hundred dollars is the amount required for the continuous education of a native priest.

A Burse has been started for the Maryknoll Preparatory College at Los Altos to be credited to the efforts of Our Lady's Circle.

A Modern Martyr.

Bl. Théophane Vénard of the Paris Foreign Missions, beheaded in Tongking in 1861.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

Christ in the Christian Life—

Translated by the Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P. Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y. \$2.

In the City of God—

By the Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P. Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C.

Luther and Tetzl; The Great Truths; Christmas Stories; Memento—

(Pamphlets) International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meditations for the Laity—

By the Rev. Albert Rung, B. Herder Book Company, 15 and 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. \$3.50.

The Bandit's Son—

A one-act play for boys. By S. M. H. St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, Canada. \$.35.

A Crown of Jewels for the Little Secretary of Jesus—

By the Rev. John P. Clarke, John P. Daleiden Company, Chicago, Ill.

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By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. P. J. Kennedy and Sons, N. Y. C. \$1.75.

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KOREA SPEAKING

(Continued from page 47)

they will be carried by the spring thaws and freshets two hundred miles down the Yalu to the buzzing saws of Shingishu—to be shaped admirably for our unfinished church now lying in wait for just such timbers and an American angel to buy them for us. (Home papers, please copy!)

By the time a few hundred peeled logs have slid down a snow mountain side, it becomes slippery enough for the most exacting daredevil. Yet the little ponies never shrink from the chute. The implicit confidence of our drivers in their horses would be extremely touching but for our own presence in the sleds, rendering it extremely difficult to take an impartial view of the proceedings.

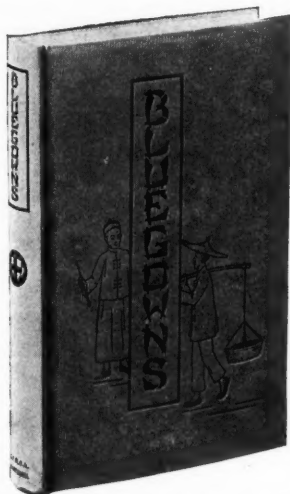
Suddenly the trail takes an abrupt drop, and so do we all. The driver jumps off the dash and runs alongside, paying out the single rope-rein till he has over twenty feet of leeway, ample

room to navigate should the hoss play him false and collapse. But the stiffening padre has no leeway at all; he is jammed in the soap-box, perhaps a good two feet from the playful hoofs, yet his sang-froid is admirable as he gracefully conceals a "lifeanddeath" grip on the side of the sled.

More sudden drops, too steep to step. The hoss stiffens his legs and tries sliding, but the sled bumps into his heels and reminds him; and all the stiffness leaves his legs while he turns into a kangaroo. The little box on runners strikes a stump and slithers around ninety degrees to slam him in the slats on the starboard side, but he has just been thinking it might be a good plan to tack, anyhow; so he tries a Charleston; and the sled slews around the other way to whack the port ribs—whereat the old skate begins to feel downright peeved; he gets sore both in heart and in body, and he finally throws all caution to the winds in a desperate gallop down into the depths to escape the unescapable contraption behind.

(To be continued)

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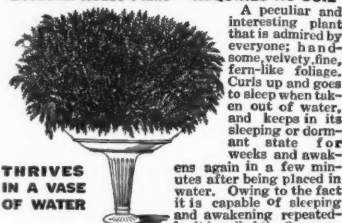
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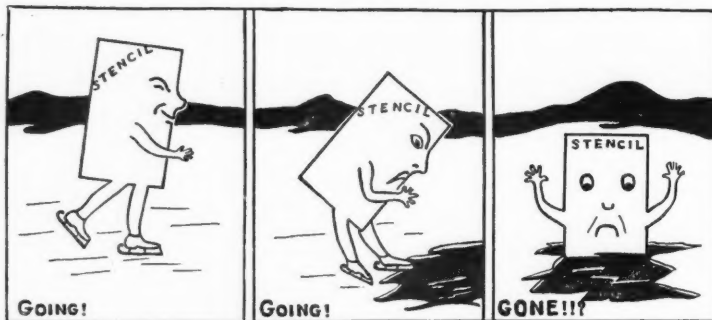
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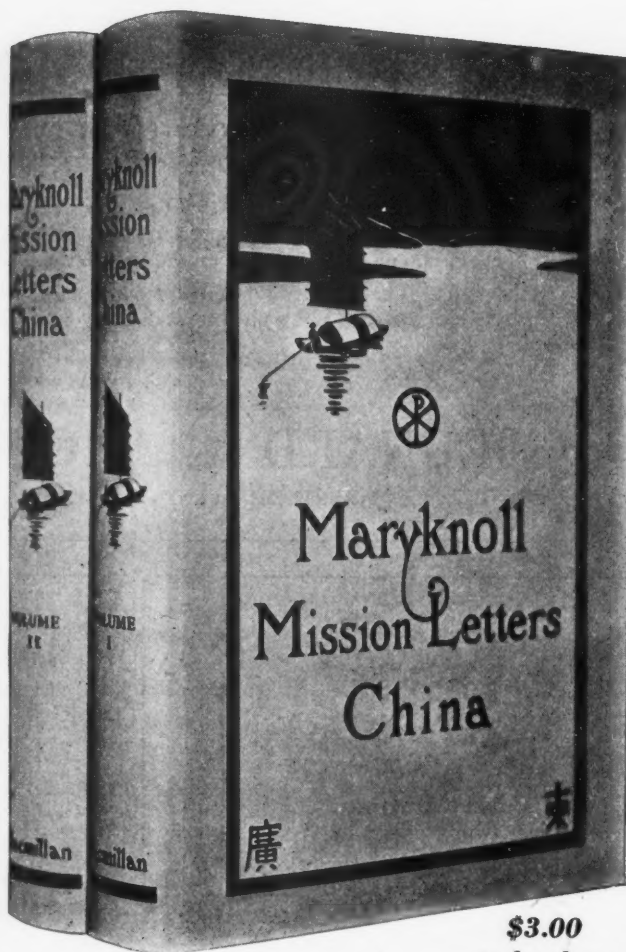
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